

N. W. A.

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WRESTLING



GENE

STEVE

THE STANLEE BROTHERS

International Tag Team Champions

WRESTLING

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THE ONLY AUTHORIZED, AUTHORITATIVE
MAGAZINE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SPORT



Maxine Mayer, left, and Vivian Cook might be classed as "Average teenage fans." They have massive autograph collections, attend matches as far as 150 miles from their home base (New York) and otherwise evince great interest in the sport. (For further news of fans and their activities, see page 30)

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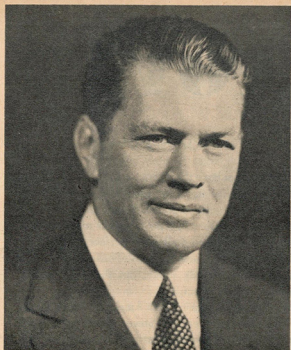
FULL COLOR COVER PHOTOGRAPH
BY KNASTER AND ICELAND

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Gene Tunney

Editorial

By

Gene Tunney

I wonder how long it will be before the law prohibiting a father taking his adolescent son with him to a professional wrestling or boxing show in this state will be amended. Or perhaps I should say, corrected.

Although paragraph 14 of the statute under which these sports are "regulated" here reads "no person under sixteen years of age shall be permitted to attend thereat as a spectator," I can't help but believe the author of that sentence forgot to qualify it with the additional words "*unless accompanied by parent, guardian or other duly authorized adult.*"

Children thus accompanied are permitted to attend movies and other shows, so it seems rank discrimination against wrestling and boxing to single them out as targets for such a ban.

Boys between the ages of 10 or 11 and 16 should have their father's companionship, and taking them to these athletic shows serves to bring them closer together, like taking them fishing or to baseball or football games.

Last spring the state legislature passed a bill amending this puritanical law but the governor vetoed it. I wasn't particularly amazed to learn that "great pressure" was brought to have the measure killed. At the same time I couldn't help recalling that the governor himself had attended a professional boxing show in Madison Square Garden several years ago with his two young sons.

That the present law—which seems to be indignant to the great Empire State—is unpopular, is indicated by what a member of the N. Y. State Athletic Commission told me recently.

"When I first took this job," he said, "I was instructed to bar youngsters under 16 from the shows even though they were accompanied by their fathers. Well, I remembered when I was a kid, about 35 years or so ago, and yearned to see fighters like Leach Cross, Jack Goodman, Knockout Brown, Joe Lynch, Benny Leonard, Little Jack Sharkey, Jack Britton, Johnny Dundee and others who were coming up about that time. But we kids were barred, of course, so one evening I borrowed my older brother's long pants and got by the ticket taker.

"Later, if I was a 'good boy' all week, my dad used to take me to the fights with him and knowing the doorman, we had no trouble getting in. Besides, I was tall for my age.

"When I told the commission I felt sort of resentment at having to act as killjoy to some kid and his father I was told: 'We don't make the laws but we are duty bound to enforce them, even though at times it goes against the grain. You don't have to be a cop; just stand near the entrance and when anyone with a kid sees you, he'll turn away.'

"One night at a club a man came along with his 15-year-old son. The kid was all dressed up and his face was shining. But when the father saw me he hesitated, then came over. 'My son here is only 15,' he said, 'but he's been a very good boy and I promised I'd bring him to the fights tonight ...' He waited for me to talk but I said nothing so he continued: 'I thought maybe it might be possible to let him in tonight?'

"I felt like a heel, but forced myself to say: 'You know the law, Mister. I sympathize with you but you wouldn't want this club to lose its license, would you?'

"'No, of course not,' he replied, but I never before saw such disappointed looks as spread over their faces. As they turned away I grunted, 'Why the heck did he have to tell me the kid wasn't 16?'

New York recently Gene was awarded another belt for being "The Most Popular Wrestler on Television."

More than 40 fan clubs have been established to honor Gene. Their members number more than 30,000, mostly women and girls. He receives on an average of 2,000 fan letters weekly, about 90% of them from female admirers.

One of Gene's fan clubs calls itself The Stanlee Steamers. This particular group has awarded him a large trophy, on which he is dubbed The Golden Apollo of Wrestling. He also has been named the Best Dressed Man in Wrestling, a group of Brooklyn fans have awarded him a large trophy as America's Most Colorful Wrestler and he has an award from Caracas, Venezuela, which states "Homenaje al más popular Luchador."

Brother Steve, although not quite so far advanced in his wrestling career as Gene, is an equally interesting personality and fine wrestler.

Steve went to Northwestern University for two years, studying mechanical engineering. He played some football in school and frolicked a little with the scrub team of the Chicago Bears professional grid aggregation.

He spent four years in the Navy as a Machinist's Mate, First Class, and has been wrestling professionally since 1939. As nearly as Steve can recall he has had almost 2,000 matches, working three or four times a week in as many different cities. Outside the United States he has grappled in Hawaii, South Africa, Iran and Algiers.

Although Steve still works at his trade—as a mechanical engineer—he manages to find time to work out with the weights for two hours or so three days a week. Steve is somewhat rougher in his mat tactics than brother Gene, but he could not be classed as a boo-evoking villain by any means.

Like most first-class wrestlers, Steve has suffered numerous injuries. He has had two broken legs, his right side was paralyzed for six months, he lost his voice for about two months because of a slight concussion and has had his back sprained ser-



Gene Stanlee and just a few of his trophies

iously enough to sideline him several times.

Steve's long blond hair is natural—as is Gene's—because both his mother and father are blonds. He lets it grow not for showmanship, but because he hates to sit in a barber chair.

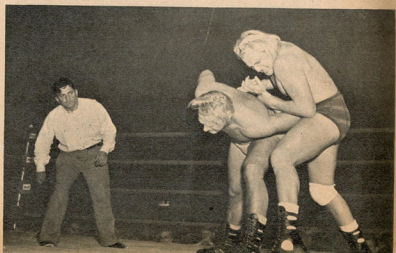
Steve, too, has his fan clubs and he loves his fans greatly, regardless of what they think of him.

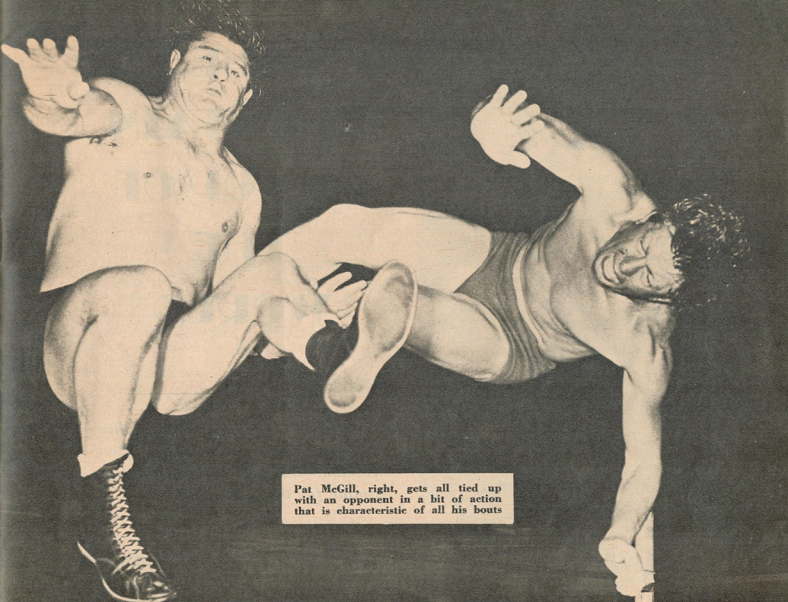
"Naturally I'm for the fans who are on my side," he says, "and the ones who are against me I like too. They make me wrestle better. I never do better than when I'm being expertly heckled by some ringsider."

Steve has taken on some of the best in the business, including Ski Hi Lee, Strangler Lewis, Jim Londres, Whipper Billy Watson, Gorgeous George and Dr. Len Hall. He has won about 87 percent of all his matches. The remaining 13 percent wound up in draws or losses.

Now that Steve and Gene have teamed up with such eminent success, fans are looking for even greater action and more satisfying performances from wrestling's cover boys.

Gene can take it as well as dish it out. Here he's shown on the receiving end in a match with The Great Scott (with bandage on knee)





Pat McGill, right, gets all tied up with an opponent in a bit of action that is characteristic of all his bouts

PAT TIES 'EM UP

PAT MCGILL spent most of his time tying people and things into knots.

His vocation is tying wrestlers into pretzel shapes, a profession that requires the greatest of brawn, stamina and physical agility.

Pat's avocation is tying flies—the kind that fishermen use to lure reluctant trout into their creels, not the ones that buzz around a picnic. Tying trout flies is an occupation that requires the delicate touch of a master surgeon, the patience of a diamond cutter and about as much physical exertion as relaxing in a hammock on a 100° day.

“Tying flies gives me a complete change from the rigors of wrestling,” he explains. “It relaxes me.”

Although he was born in Nebraska, raised in California, McGill now makes his home in a mountain lodge near Helena, Montana. He wrestles eight months of the year, fishes the rest of the time. He ties trout flies all the time, even on occasion doing

a bit of work on his hobby in the dressing room while waiting the call to action.

Pat invariably travels in an equipment-loaded house trailer with his wife, a commercial artist. Mrs. Mc shares her husband's interest in fishing, but not fly tying.

“I like wrestling because it is my favorite sport—next to fishing—and it gives me plenty of time to do the things I want. I like being able to go anywhere. I like being my own boss. I guess all fishing nuts are like that.”

So far, Pat has fished up and down the Pacific Coast from one end to the other. He also has fished in 36 other states and has pursued the wily brown trout in Scotland and France.

The fly he most enjoys using and tying is one less than a quarter of an inch long. The wrestler he most enjoys tying up is the man who happens to be the best at the moment.



THE MOUNTAIN ON TOP OF THE WORLD

DICK SKUSE

*tells all about Hombre
Montana, whose name means Man
Mountain and whose beard means
trouble for the opposition*

HE sat there quietly . . . gently stroking his huge beard . . . this Hombre Montana, a giant of a man.

Three hundred and twenty-five pounds of wrestler . . . Pacific Coast heavyweight champion . . . a present-day Man Mountain Dean or Ivan Rasputin.

Hombre, a quiet sort of a fellow, began speaking softly . . . trying to make you understand his every word.

"I started wrestling when I was 12 years old in Argentina. My dad was a tailor in Argentina, and he encouraged me. I played rugby, basketball, and also did some swimming in the Y.M.C.A. down there. I even—how you say it—threw the shot (shotput in track and field)."

"I decided to turn professional in 1937, but only after I had been selected for the Argentine Olympic team in 1936. But they couldn't raise enough money to send the team to Berlin, so I didn't go."

Montana, who's been wrestling in San Francisco and throughout northern and central California for the past few months, grew his beard in 1940, just to be a bit different. He trims it every two months, and it took him two or three years to grow out all the way. Now, from sideburns to the tip of his beard, it measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

He's had his beard pulled hundreds and hundreds of times, and, at first, it bothered him. But not any more.

"At first, when my opponents pulled it," said the bearded giant, "it made my face very sore, under my chin. They always pulled it at least four or five times in every match."

"The fellow who pulled it the hardest was Giganto Memel of Lithuania, a 410-lb. wrestler. He really got hold of it, and pulled it hard, and had a handful of my beard in his hand when he finished. My face bled very much after that. But Americans don't pull my beard so hard."

Montana confesses that he likes America very

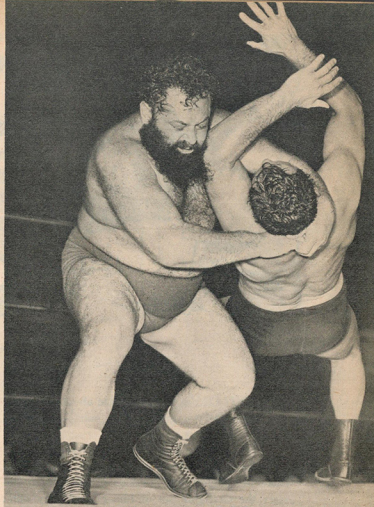
much. "In the street," says he, "American people come up and talk to me. Maybe they don't like me in the ring, but they are friendly on the street. They congratulate me. I want to stay in America very much."

Asked to compare American and Argentine wrestling fans, Montana said: "Argentine fans want to see more blood. They get hotter . . . they even shoot you. In Peru in 1945, I was wrestling Ismael Hakey, an Arabian. I threw him to the mat, and smashed up his face quite badly—broken nose, cheekbone. The people went crazy, ripped my robe, and I got a 6" knife wound. The police had to take me from the ring, and I stayed at the stadium until 4 a.m., and then the police took me out.

"I saw Hakey again in Chile in 1950. His nose was okay—fixed up by—how you say it—plastic surgery."

Montana got the name "Hombre Montana" back in 1939. "Hombre Montana" means Man Mountain in Spanish. "I weighed so much (about 355 lbs.) that the people started calling me that. The promoter said it was good, and it stuck," the wrestler explains. Hombre attributes much of his success to the name.

Hombre Montana, the Pacific Coast Champion, applying a headlock to a hapless opponent



Here's that Hombre in action again, this time using his great weight and strength effectively

"I'm not superstitious," he says, "but it is a fact I only started to be a top star when they started calling me Hombre Montana."

Montana is happily married, and has been for 13 years. He has a cute Chilean wife. He owns an apartment house in Buenos Aires, and intends on keeping it. "Security," he says.

"While I hope to stay in this country, it is nice to have a place in South America, which is a rapidly developing place," says The Hombre. "I am also buying some property in the United States, so in time I'll have a place to stay in whichever part of America I may wind up in."

Montana captured the Pacific Coast title from Sandor (The Great) Szabo a few months ago, and has defended it successfully ever since. In tag matches, he teams up with Leo Nomellini, an all-National Football League professional tackle with the San Francisco 49ers.

He's 36 years old, weighs 325 (weighed 355 when he came to U.S., but travels more now, and works out more), he's 6'1", and a tough wrestler.

Says promoter Joe Malcewicz in San Francisco: "Montana is a credit to the sport of wrestling."

And he's sitting on top of the world.



By William Warren

WRESTLERS in relaxation are about as playful as half-grown grizzly bear cubs—and sometimes as dangerous.

Addicted to practical jokes, the average grappleman always can think up a few stunts that will make his hapless victim's hair stand on end and scare the daylight out of him even if they don't always inflict great bodily damage.

For instance, there is the matter of "hot seats" and "hot rubbing tables." Hardly an arena of any importance in the country that doesn't boast a hot rubbing table. These are regular rubbing tables

wired with a devilish ingenuity that enables the victim to be given a large dose of high current at the very moment when he is sweaty and a naturally good conductor of electricity. Some fun!

One of the big Eastern booking offices once had a hot seat, which had been rigged up by Gino Garibaldi. Gino's apparatus was a super-de luxe model. It had two speeds. Push one button and the recipient would get a fairly gentle dose of electricity—enough to make him jump a bit but not enough to cause him to take off like a guided missile.

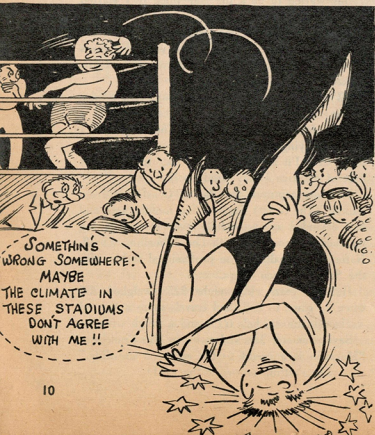
Push the second button and the victim got a shock comparable to that emanating from the electric chair at Sing Sing.

It was Gino's custom to give the victim a shot from the first, or mild button as a sort of warning or warmup, then follow this with a prolonged blast from the second—or atomic blast—button.

One of Gino's favorite victims was Ali Baba, then world heavyweight champion. Time after time, the champion would sit in the fiendish chair and just as often Garibaldi would let him have both barrels, or rather, both buttons.

One day Ali Baba redeemed himself. He came into the booking office and found Gino seated in the booker's sanctum sanctorum—the inner office—discussing a proposed match. To his amazement, Ali Baba noticed that Garibaldi had carelessly dragged the rigged chair into the small office and was seated in it. The champ also discovered that the two buttons connected with the chair had been left in the other room.

Ali Baba seated himself near the buttons and while Garibaldi was engrossed in discussing his affairs with the booker, he let Gino have it. Not with the gentle button first. Ali Baba jabbed down hard



and long on the No. 2 button—the one that gave the heavy shock.

Garibaldi gave a yell that could be heard for miles and sailed into the air as though he had been propelled from a catapult. He was hoisted by his own petard, or push button. It is said that Garibaldi unwired the apparatus instantan and never made another hot seat.

Sometimes the wrestlers' jokes are even more elaborate and take more of a buildup. There was one running gag that went on for a number of years among many of the top men in the profession. It consisted of completely befuddling a certain wrestler who shall remain nameless.

This wrestler loved to work out in the gymnasium and the bigger and better the wrestler, the more eager he was to work with him. One by one he threw the top men in the business with remarkable ease—in the gymnasium. He defeated Strangler Lewis, Ray Steele, Hans Steinke, Joe Stecher and many another wrestling immortal.

The routine invariably went the same. The nameless wrestler would work out with one of the best, would toss him practically with one hand, then the name star would take him aside, give him a cigar and beg him not ever to mention the incident.

The nameless wrestler was true to his trust. He never did say anything publicly about having thrown all the better men in the gymnasium, but he used to tell promoters and bookers when he was in search of work. Sometimes he'd get a legitimate bout, too. Then he would last about twenty seconds with some second-rate performer. The nameless wrestler never did figure out how he could be so good in the gymnasium and so bad in the arena.



Ray Steele was one of the most devoted of practical jokesters. He would do almost anything for a laugh.

One time a rather fussy wrestler had bought a new car, in which he planned to take a honeymoon. When the newlyweds left the church and entered the new car, the groom stepped on the starter, the engine gave a ferocious whistle and exploded with a loud bang. Ray had planted a "Whizz-bang," a device marketed for just such a purpose, under the hood.

When the bride and groom had recovered from their fright enough to enable them to get under way they started off. They hadn't gone more than 100 yards when a tire when "Bang!" A blowout. But it wasn't. It was merely another patented device that Steele had fastened to the rubber.

The newlyweds finally got under way without further explosions but before they had gone many miles a most ripe and pungent odor began to penetrate the car. They stopped and took out the seats, looked all over the interior to discover if a mouse had crawled into a corner and died. They could find nothing. They drove on a bit, then stopped again to see if they could discover the source of the by now overpowering smell.

They looked under the car—and there it was. Steele had fastened a nice, juicy fish on the exhaust pipe. The heat from the pipe did the rest.

The newlyweds finally reached their honeymoon spot in spite of all the obstacles placed in their way, but their sojourn was marred by the most gosh-

awul rattles that developed in the car. They took the new vehicle from one garage to another, but nobody could find the cause of the rattles. Finally one garageman, probably an ex-wrestler himself, discovered what was wrong. Steele had placed a handful of pebbles in each hub cap—usually the last place in a car you'd look for a rattle.

It is said the bride and groom never forgave Ray—and would you?

In one town there was a newspaperman who wasn't very well liked by the sporting fraternity. This writer was deaf. Not completely, but so much so that he had to wear one of those hearing aids that operates on a battery.

These aids operate much like a radio. They have an adjustment with which volume can be raised or lowered. Almost invariably when a group of wrestlers would engage the newspaperman in conversation, at a given cue they would all stop making sound, but would continue to work their mouths as though they were still talking.

This would cause the newspaperman to turn up the full volume on his hearing aid. As soon as he had it wide open, the wrestlers, again on a prearranged cue, would start to talk as loud as they could. This would blast the sound into the writer's ear and he would howl and jerk the apparatus from his ear.

"He was always blasting us, so we figured it was okay for us to blast him once in a while," one of the grapplers explained.

Steele, whose humor was robust, to say the least, almost got another wrestler killed once. Wrestlers, who are great ones for travelling by car, love to eat at roadside diners. They always judge the diners by the number of truck drivers who use it. If they see a number of trucks outside a diner, they will go in, on the theory that the truckers know the territory and all the good places.

One such diner had a very beautiful waitress and a fiery tempered and jealous chef. The chef was madly smitten with the waitress, and perhaps vice versa, but he strongly suspected that she was having clandestine dates with some other man. Because wrestlers frequented the diner, the chef more than half suspected one of them was the object of his innamorata's extra curricular activities.

Steele heard of the situation, which was made to order for him. One night he took a big 250-pound matman into the place for dinner. No sooner had the grappler's meal been placed before him than Ray sneaked out in the kitchen and notified the chef that the big wrestler was the man who had been carrying on with his girl.

The chef took one look at the big wrestler, decided he was too huge to handle with bare hands and grabbed a vicious looking meat cleaver. He came charging out of the kitchen, brandishing the weapon and threatening to decapitate the hapless victim.

The wrestler took one look and bolted for the

door, with the irate chef in hot pursuit. For a while it was nip and tuck, but the wrestler's superior condition finally prevailed and he outdistanced the chef. All this created high glee in Mr. Steele, but the wrestler took off so much weight he almost had to step down to the junior heavyweight division.

Promoters, too, have their moments. Just after the highly social and blue blooded Eddie Eagan was appointed Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, Jack Pfeffer was staging a show on Long Island. Toots Mondt went out to the arena early and made certain arrangements with the announcer, whose identity wasn't known to Pfeffer.

When Pfeffer came in, someone, by prearrangement of course, introduced the announcer as Eddie Eagan. Jack turned on all his charm and graciousness and was apparently making a big hit with the man he thought was the new Commissioner, when Toots came along.

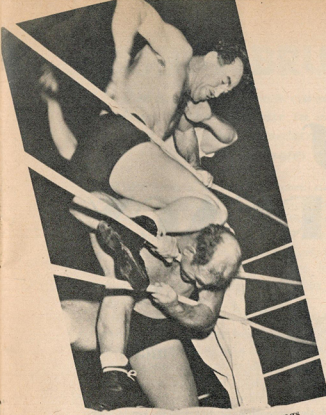
"Toots, I want you should meet Mr. Eddie Eagan, the new Chairman of the Commission," Pfeffer said importantly.

Mondt looked coldly at the "new Chairman," sneered and said, "I don't wanta have anything to do with the bum!"

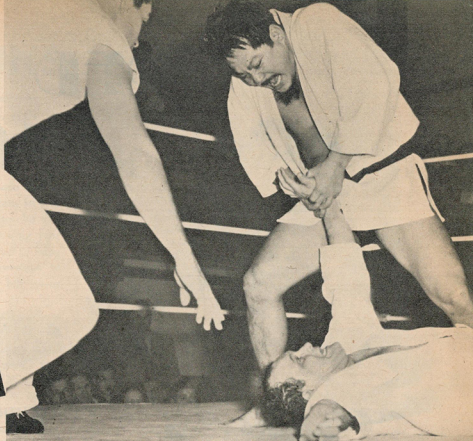
Mr. Pfeffer gave a loud cry of anguish and ran out of the arena. It wasn't until the next day that he discovered who the "new Commissioner" really was.

Then he yelled louder than ever.





Gentleman Dale Haddock bangs Jack Carter's head at Twin Falls.

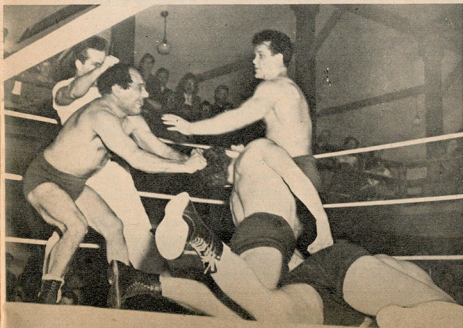


Sessue Oyama applies a judo wrist lock to Benny Trudell in a judo bout at Pendleton, Oregon, home of the famed roundup.

NORTHWESTERN NOGIN-KNOCKERS

The boys play knock rummy with each others' heads up in the Northwest where the wrestling is as rough and rugged as some of the country

Mike Nazarian, left, and Billy Melby have scrambled their two opponents in a "wrestling royal" at Pendleton, Oregon.



Billy Melby applies abdominal stretch to Dale Haddock in Boise.

RED IS READY

By
**JIM
WRIGHT**

WITH the exception of his sport's trademark, a cauliflowered left ear, Dan (Red) O'Dell, one of the steadiest performers of the heavyweight wrestling ranks, could be easily mistaken for a successful insurance agent, or an Ivy League football coach.

Serious minded, well-travelled, self-schooled, Red has come a long way up life's ladder since his Missouri boyhood on an Ozark mountain farm.

It is no accident that Red has gained the reputation of being one of the most scientific performers of his sport.

"As a boy it was a matter of self-protection in a rough and rugged section of this country," says Red, "and then it was a matter of having a high school principal at Fresno, California, High who loved the sport and encouraged all of us who showed any aptitude for wrestling. Beyond that I'm thankful to this day for having trained under Ad Santell, one of the masters of all times."

Red, whose hobby is working in his home workshop "just tinkering or making something useful for the house" firmly believes in the value of training in amateur bouts either in Y.M.C.A. or collegiate competition depending on the opportunity.

Highlight of O'Dell's career as he looks back on it was a world tour he made to Australia, New Zealand, and South America. "You never know what to expect next," Red recalls. "It was wrestling under every known rule, under every imaginable condition. Over all, it was a wonderful experience."

Of all the wrestlers Red had seen, he rates former champion Jim Browning tops in his book. "Jim had everything," he says.

Red O'Dell believes in long training period for wrestlers—he's had it



BOBBY BRUNS

*Has had triple threat career—
from cocky amateur to confident professional matman and leading promoter*

MORE than a decade has passed since Bobby Brun's captained the water polo team in Los Angeles in the Olympic trials. At that time he was still studying at Illinois U. and the following year he graduated in law but he was not destined to hang up his shingle. Kismet guided his footsteps to wrestling, a twist of fate which Bobby has never regretted.

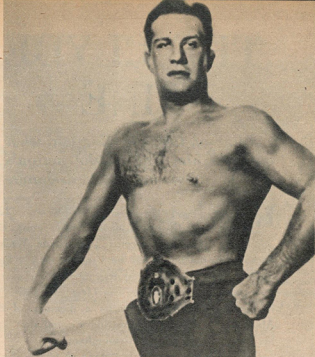
Besides being a first-class swimmer, Brun's was captain of the wrestling team at Illinois and fancied himself quite a bit as a matman. During those younger years, Brun's made many friends. One of his best friends was the martyred Mayor of Chicago Anton Cermac, who sacrificed his life to save that of Franklin D. Roosevelt when the President-elect was attacked by an assassin in Florida. Cermac greatly admired Brun's, was one of his leading boosters. One of Brun's most prized possessions today is a diamond ring given him by Cermac.

When Bobby finally graduated he was a cocky young man, convinced that if he wasn't the world's best wrestler, he was close to it. With this modest opinion of himself he called on Ed White, then the leading manager of top grapplers.

Bobby informed Ed that he was thinking of becoming a professional wrestler. Of course he could only take main events, nothing less and unless he made substantial money he wouldn't be interested. White didn't ask how much Bobby wanted to make. He was afraid to. He did try to tell him that there was a difference between professional and amateur wrestling, but Brun's wasn't interested. He told White that that was his end of the business and not to worry about it.

Despite Brun's cockiness, self-assurance and a tinge of braggadocio, White liked the young man and did manage to get him to agree to do a little training at a local gymnasium before booking him in his first professional match.

White made certain arrangements at the gymnasium which he believed would make our young hero see the light. When Brun's arrived at the gym he went through his calisthenics and was gratified that the few onlookers showed due respect and admiration. Among the onlookers watching Brun's was a tall lanky fellow, a man about 6 ft. 5 who looked rather stupid and who despite his height couldn't have weighed more than 180 pounds. Brun's wishing to show off asked him if he would like to go to the mat with him. At first the tall one demurred but



was finally "persuaded" to have a go at it. They tugged and pushed for a while, then suddenly Brun's hit the mat hard with his face and arose with his nose bleeding. He tried to laugh it off and asked the lanky one to meet him the following day.

The next day and the day after that, it happened again. Each time Bobby got the worst of it. Brun's however is no fool. He realized something was definitely askew and went to White for an explanation. White had a good laugh and told Brun's he had been wrestling with Freddie Grubmeir, one of the best. Grubmeir was unique as wrestlers go. He was to wrestling what Bobby Fitzsimmons was to boxing. Tall, lanky, no bulging muscles, a caved-in chest and long legs he had a freakish appearance similar to that of the bald-headed Cornishman. Brun's, to White's surprise, accepted the "lesson" gratefully and he and Grubmeir became lasting friends.

That experience changed Brun's outlook on wrestling. From there on he trained with the best men available and soon became a real star. He and Orville Brown had some of the most talked about matches in the history of wrestling. In fact, it was never decided who was the better of the two. The question might eventually have been answered on the mat but Orville Brown was the victim of a serious automobile accident a couple of years ago which forced him to retire from active wrestling.

Long before the development of air routes and fast-flying, Bobby invaded South Africa where he was a tremendous success. From there he went to Australia, South America, the Philippines, all through Europe and back to the States. Recently he made a trip to Japan, wrestled there but found that the interest in the sport so great that he decided to take on the promotorial end of the game. Right now Bobby Brun's, still a mat star in his own right, is the foremost promoter in Japan.

THE CLYDE LINE

A line on Clyde Walker and what makes him one of the nation's best wrestling commissioners

HES a strapping six-foot two-incher, 220-pounder with a country-mile wide smile. But don't let that smile deceive you. Clyde Walker doesn't like to do it but he can get very tough, indeed, if the occasion requires it.

Walker was appointed a few months ago by Governor Gordon Persons a member of the Alabama Boxing and Wrestling Commission and his headquarters are in Birmingham.

Commissioner Walker has done as much, if not more, than anybody else to inject new life into wrestling in Birmingham and all over Alabama. As in so many sections, the sport slumped for a while after television started carrying out-of-town matches. But now the old railbirds have started coming back to the arenas, attendance is picking up each week and the game already is about where it was when Birmingham was rated one of the finest wrestling spots in all the land. The same is true all over Alabama.

Common sense, something commissioners who preceded him didn't always have, is the recipe Commissioner Walker is using.

"I've always been of the belief that it is a commissioner's duty to protect promoters, which is what I intend to do," Commissioner Walker says. "For a lot of years Joe Gunther has done a magnificent job of promoting in Birmingham and Alabama. He has brought in many of the greatest light-heavyweights and heavyweights in the business, including Lou Thesz, heavyweight champion; Argentino Rocca, Primo Carnera, Tony Galento and so many other topnotchers.

"Gunther gives the commission and state a sizable sum from each show he puts on. That should guarantee him protection and I'm going to see that he gets that protection.

"Gunther has put on shows here nearly 15 years. Fans have confidence in him. He's a fine citizen. That's why I'm back of him so solidly."

For many years before he was made a member of the commission, Walker was a redhot boxing fan, when boxing shows were held here, and an even hotter wrestling filibert. He was seen at ring-side at all the shows. He's still seen there. Besides, he's an all over sports fan and likes football, baseball and basketball, but second to wrestling.

Unlike many commissioners, Commissioner Walker doesn't butt in on the doings of the pro-



Clyde Walker

motor. The only way he has interfered is to set down rules which have benefited the game. No longer are wrestlers permitted to throw around and maul the referees. If they do, they hear from the commissioner, and what they hear could cost them money.

Another thing Walker does, and which takes a lot of heat off the promoter, is name referees for the headline battles. Fans usually don't know who'll work the match until the official follows the principals into the ring.

"That way, it's nearly impossible for either wrestler, or his manager, or the fans to get to a referee with monkey-business," Commissioner Walker explains.

Because of his personable disposition, Commissioner Walker is tremendously popular with the wrestlers, even with those he often has to reprimand. When a wrestler gets out of line and violates all rules of the game, the commissioner straightens him out after the match.

"I'm not tough with the boys," he explains. "I give them fatherly lectures and they usually listen to me. Then, if they don't, I slap fines on them. If that doesn't work, suspensions follow. However, I've had to suspend only one man and have fined very few. I talk with the wrestlers before the match and let them know I'll not stand for any foolishness and it certainly has worked."

For a lot of years Commissioner Walker has been a successful automobile tire man.

That's the line on Clyde Walker—and you must admit that the Clyde line makes Walker one of the finest commissioners in any state of this big Union.

TEXAS TURNS OUT

WRESTLING
Every Monday Night
GET THE MONDAY NIGHT
HABIT

Great shows, big crowds in Abilene



With nearly 5,000 fans in the arena, more clamored for admission in the lobby (above), while the overflow lined up outside (left) to gain admission to see World's Woman Wrestling Champion Mildred Burke joust with Mae Young.

WRESTLING, the favorite sport of most parts of the Lone Star State, is particularly popular deep in the heart of Texas. In Abilene, for instance, where—man and boy—a large portion of the population turns out for the matmen.

Although Abilene has a population of only 45,000, the weekly shows there sometimes draw in excess of 5,000 people—and many times a year

large numbers of fans are turned away at the box office.

Promoter Benny Wilson, the Texas impresario responsible for seeing that the Abilenians get a properly balanced diet of grapplers, tries to bring only the best to his patrons. What happens when he does is shown in the pictures on this page, showing just a few of the remarkably large turnouts.

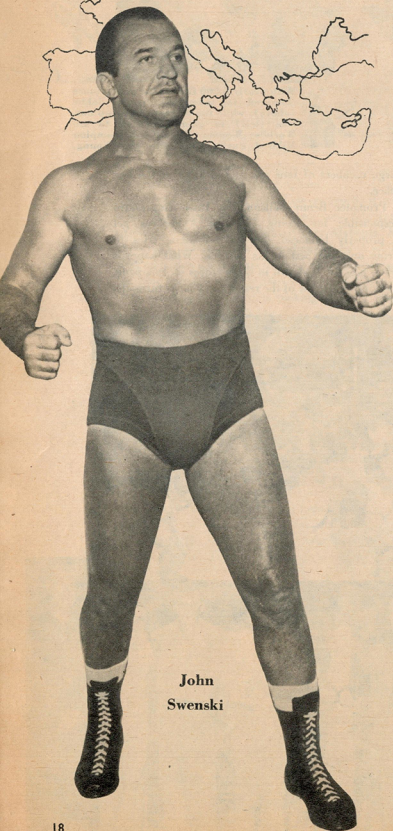


The Abilene Arena is packed to the rafters as the Texas fans watch Danny McShain barely hold World's Junior Heavyweight Wrestling Championship against George Curtis of Vicksburg, Miss. At the right is shown another record-breaking combination. Left to right, Billy Wolfe, Champion Mildred Burke, Sports Editor Collier Parris, Promoter Benny Wilson, Challenger Mae Young and Deputy Wrestling Commissioner Raymond Price.



AMERICAN STYLE WRESTLING GAINS IN EUROPE

According to John Swenski, Lynn, Massachusetts, wrestler, returned from long campaign abroad



**John
Swenski**

WRESTLING in Europe is still influenced by the ancient Greco-Roman style and the slam bang type of catch-as-catch-can grappling as seen in America is just beginning to make its appearance," says John Swenski, the former World's Junior Heavyweight Champion. The graceful and panther-like Lynn, Massachusetts, gladiator only recently returned from eight months of campaigning abroad which saw him featured in France, Germany, England, Scotland and Ireland.

Swenski sports a new title which he picked up during his travels. He won the European 200-pound championship in a 30-day tournament held at the spacious Palais de Sports in Paris. John says that the Palais de Sports, the largest arena in Europe, seating some 20,000 fans, was packed every night of the tournament which featured entries from all the European countries with the exception of Russia.

The finals of the tournament found Swenski meeting Axel Cadier of Sweden, who was Greco-Roman champion in the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles and also the 1936 games held in Berlin. Johnny relates that the European grapplers were puzzled by the versatility of his American catch-as-catch-can style. The veteran Massachusetts grappler encountered his chief difficulty from the French entrants who employed a scientific method of kicking. This type of wrestling is called "La Savette" and an opponent must expect to be kicked upon any part of the body from the ankles up.

"Crowds in the foreign countries were equal to those in the United States," reports Swenski, "but the prices are much less because the standards of living are much lower." Johnny wrestled in Berlin, Munich and Frankfurt, all located in the western zone of Germany.

"Other than the style of wrestling employed by the Europeans, the chief difference in the matches there and here is that the round system is prevalent," Johnny recalls. In France and Germany most bouts are for six five-minute rounds with a minute's rest between. In England, Scotland and Ireland, the bouts are usually six ten-minute rounds with the usual rest period.

YOU CAN'T HOLD THAT TIGER

The lumber camps of Canada couldn't hold Tiger Tasker, so he turned to the mat. Now some of the best grapplers find him too hot to handle

TIGER Tasker has boasted that nickname for so long that hardly anyone knows the cognomen bestowed upon him by a doting mother some 28 years ago.

"My real first name doesn't count," the Tiger will tell you if you ask him his name. "Whatever it is, it was given to me. The name Tiger I earned."

That he did—and the hard way, too (as if there could be any *easy* way to earn such a fierce name!).

Tasker was born in Winnipeg, Canada, in 1913. By the time he was 15 he had left school to get a job. He wandered into the sawmill district of the lumber country in search of employment. He got one taking care of the tools, but was soon elevated to woodchopper. Before long he had become one of the fastest woodchoppers in that country of men handy with the axe.

One of the most popular sports in the lumber camps is wrestling. And the boys are equipped for it. A mere 200-pounder like Tasker is somewhat of a midget in that company. But, what Tasker lacked in comparative size, he more than made up for in speed, skill and just plain meanness. At the end of six months, he had pinned every hulking lumberjack in his own bailiwick and was looking around for new worlds to conquer. For seven years Tasker was the scourge of the lumber camps—and it was the lumberjacks themselves who gave him their highest praise by calling him Tiger.

By now The Tiger had expanded to 230 pounds, which was pretty well distributed over his 5 feet, 8 inches. Having swept all before him in the lumber camps, The Tiger decided to turn professional and entered the ranks of paid contestants in 1935.

Since 1935 Tasker has faced every outstanding wrestler in the game in more than 500 matches. Every time he answers the bell, the opposition knows that it is in for a tough struggle. Tasker is perpetual motion in the ring, brutal in his methods and a crowd pleaser.

When he enters the ring in Canada, the fans inevitably greet him with the cry, "TIMBER!" And his opponents find out again that "You Can't Hold That Tiger!"



'ROUND THEIR SHOULDERS

By
Jack
Ripple



"**M**AGNIFICENT Mecca of Matdom."

That brief phrase may summarize the marvels of the Rainbo Arena, popular gathering place of sports fans in Chicago and wrestling center of the Midwest, but it hardly opens the door to the marvels and wonders of what has become one of the most pleasant and profitable athletic ventures in the nation.

Tradition, personalities, talent and hard, well directed work have combined to make this magnificent arena on Chicago's northside the gathering place of citizens seeking entertainment and the center of relaxation and fun for thousands.

Development of the former Summer Gardens and Winter dining palace, later a Jai-Alai fronton where the wealthy were wont to foregather, into the present spacious and airy amphitheatre covers an interesting three decades of Chicago history. Into it go the background of the fabulous twenties, the tense thirties, fattening forties and flush fifties. Genius of the recent development is Leonard Schwartz, popular Chicagoan rich in business and sports background.

Only three years ago, back in 1949 to be exact, Schwartz pooled his promotional talent with the business acumen of Carl Schaller, who now is general manager of the Rainbo Enterprises.

Schaller had a background of 20 years in wrestling management and promotion. Back in 1932—and that was when things were really tough in the

depth of the depression—Schaller started promoting wrestling shows in an orbit surrounding Chicago. To Chicago's White City, Aurora, Rockford, Peoria, Waukegan he carried the gospel of grapple and ably assisted by some of the top mat talent of those days.

Schwartz and Schaller were getting their venture well launched when the fabulous Ray Fabiani, Philadelphia promoter who had a 25-year association with wrestlers on the credit side of his ledger, decided to board the bark which apparently was going places. And it was to develop that Ray had a strong right arm with which to man the starboard oar.

Ray, strange as it seems, was a refugee from the world of music. He had played first violin in the big symphony orchestras and drawing the classical bow seemed to have qualified him to play first fiddle in later sports enterprises.

While playing with the Chicago Symphony he met Ed White, the man who made Jim Londos a millionaire. When Londos, not content with mere wealth, decided to display his talent and heavy-weight title to South American spectators it was Fabiani that the "Glittering Greek" decided to take along as supervisor. Needless to say the combination parlayed their talents into another sizable chunk of money. During those days other name grapplers—Strangler Lewis, Stanislaus and Wladek Zybszko and Joe Stecher—figured in the promotions of Fabiani. Over that span Ray had gained a national reputation for big time promotions, not only in wrestling but sports in general and other extravaganzas. He is a pioneer in the promotion of pro tennis, with such immortals as Big Bill Tilden, Suzanne Lenglen, Don Budge and Vinny Richards as his principal turnstile attractions. Fabiani has also had his fling in the fisticuff end of sports as the man behind the gun in the famous Georges Carpentier-Tommy Loughran scrap in Philly. Auto races, ice shows and other spectacular events have had Fabiani's expert promotional genius behind them in all of the principal arenas of the nation.

Fabiani first crashed Chicago with the largest wrestling show in the history of the city. He pitted Londos, still in his tow and still powerful, tho' passing fifty, and Primo Carnera, the Italian man moun-

tain and former boxing heavyweight champion, against each other in a match at the Chicago Stadium. The show drew a record 16,000 and grossed more than \$60,000.

Ray's outstanding success with that match proved to the Chicago and American sports-loving public that a game thought dead by many was only dormant. The match brought wrestling out of hibernation just as spring brings new zest to the animal world. Something else good was about to happen to wrestling.

That something else was television. Video, then in the trial stage, leaned on wrestling and wrestling helped make TV. During that stage of the revival of the grapple game and the incubation of television, another figure appeared who was to do much for the development of both.

That was Wayne Griffin, now regarded as Chicago's pioneer TV wrestling commentator. Wayne's scintillating TV personality and Schwartz's faith in the promotional possibilities of the new medium resulted in Rainbo presenting the first TV wrestling program from Chicago. It hasn't missed a week since. Schwartz coined his now popular phrase "Wrestling from Rainbo" which is a household word wherever TV can be seen and heard.

Griffin is known to the TV world as the voice of "back to the foxhole." He first popularized the phrase when the big behemoths would come hurtling in the direction of the camera and he and his photographer had to scurry to the shelter underneath the ring. Griffin is the only wrestling commentator Rainbo has ever had and thru the top flight shows presented by the popular arena together with his expert narration has built up his present national reputation as one of the top wrestling commentators of the nation. He always is in demand in New York, Philly, and wherever else big promotions are staged.

When one mentions Griffin it automatically brings to mind his invaluable aid, Vince Garry, one of Chicago's better known sports personalities. Garry's thorough knowledge of all sports, his effervescence and finesse in handling guests at intermission times for the Rainbo shows round out a top combination.

There you have them—a quintet of personalities, each a specialist in his line forming a combination that has built up one of the nation's most successful wrestling promotional enterprises.

Schwartz is the owner of the big amphitheatre, Schaller general manager, Fabiani top talent scout and matchmaker, with Griffin and Garry expanding the show to the crowds far beyond the portals of Rainbo.

With that combination other sports are also being developed at the Rainbo. In addition to the Wednesday night wrestling shows, there are boxing pro-

grams every Monday night.

The boxing shows are proving a real talent mill for fisticly inclined youngsters. Also the arena is the site of annual Golden Gloves eliminations. In addition dog shows, dance festivals and other group entertainments are being added to the attractions.

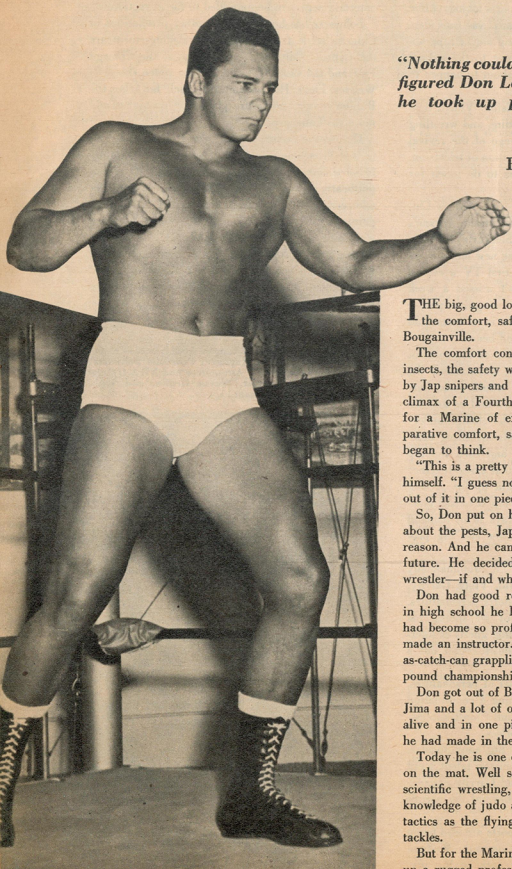
Schwartz has been active in other promotions in Chicago aside from the Rainbo. Among them are the Cypress Gardens aquatic show at the Chicago Fair and the Cisco Kid and Pancho rodeo shows in Wrigley Field. His promotions reach far from the Rainbo center and future plans are for bigger and more far-flung events.

One of the factors making the Rainbo attractive is that its spacious seating area enables spectators to have complete visibility for all events. The amphitheatre is air conditioned, has perfect acoustics and recently was completely overhauled—renovated, painted and polished from front sign to the back wall. With new ring, excellent and comfortable seats, the big arena promises to long be Chicago's major neighborhood sports center. And a rainbo 'round the shoulders of the five men who did most to make it "The Magnificent Mecca of Matdom."

Here's the powerhouse of Rainbo Arena. Left to right: Carl Schaller, General Manager; Promoter Schwartz; Impresario Fabiani; TV Announcer and NWA Official WRESTLING Columnist, Wayne Griffin, and Vince Garry, Griffin's assistant.



THE MARINES DID IT



*"Nothing could be tougher than this,"
figured Don Lewin in a foxhole. So
he took up professional wrestling*

By

Joe

Green

THE big, good looking Marine was ensconced in the comfort, safety and quiet of a foxhole on Bougainville.

The comfort consisted of attacks of pestiferous insects, the safety was threatened from time to time by Jap snipers and the quiet was comparable to the climax of a Fourth of July fireworks display, but for a Marine of experience they comprised comparative comfort, safety and quiet, so Don Lewin began to think.

"This is a pretty rugged life," the Marine said to himself. "I guess nothing can be too tough if I get out of it in one piece."

So, Don put on his thinking cap, more to forget about the pests, Japs and noise than for any other reason. And he came up with a blue print for the future. He decided he would be a professional wrestler—if and when he returned Stateside.

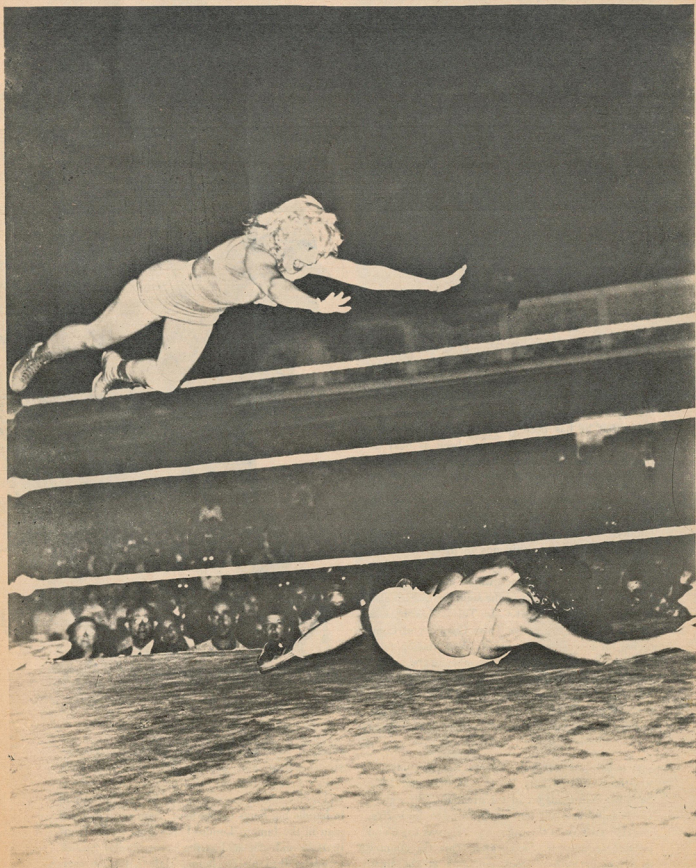
Don had good reason for his choice. As a kid in high school he had wrestled some. In camp he had become so proficient at judo that he had been made an instructor. He hadn't neglected his catch-as-catch-can grappling either—he had won the 200-pound championship at Parris Island.

Don got out of Bougainville and Saipan and Iwo Jima and a lot of other tough places in the Pacific alive and in one piece, and he followed the plans he had made in the foxhole.

Today he is one of the brightest young prospects on the mat. Well schooled in the fundamentals of scientific wrestling, he has, of course, a thorough knowledge of judo and can also execute such aerial tactics as the flying head scissors, drop kicks and tackles.

But for the Marines, Don might never have taken up a rugged profession like professional wrestling.

NELLIE IS A LADY—SOMETIMES



NELL STEWART

is a lady most of the time, but sometimes she forgets in the ring—then Nellie ain't a Lady, as this picture shows

This Oklahoman looks like a matinee idol and talks like a radio announcer, but when it comes to all-around activity . . .

SAM TAKES THE CAKE

SAM Avey of Tulsa, Oklahoma, the suave and handsome gentleman with the voice of a matinee idol, is one of the promoters whose efforts have made wrestling a tremendously successful and popular sport in the great southwest. During the 23 years that he has been in the sports promotional field in the Oil Capital Sam has been as busy as Broadway and 42nd Street helping build up Tulsa as one of the leading cities in the west.

Sam firmly believes that any promoter should be a contributor to the growth and welfare of his community. Avey's theory must be all right because it has paid off huge dividends in his case. He is owner of the spacious Avey's Tulsa Coliseum, a million dollar sports palace which has been called the most beautiful arena in the southwest. Sam also owns radio station KAKC in Tulsa; has been a director of the very active Tulsa Chamber of Commerce for more than ten years; owns and operates the Tulsa Ice Hockey Club, a member of the United States Hockey League; is a director of the Farmers and Merchants State Bank; treasurer of the National Wrestling Alliance, and boasts a flock of other responsibilities and accomplishments which have made him a big man in Oklahoma.

A native of Cherryvale, Kansas, Sam got into the wrestling game strictly by chance. He and Billy Sandow, then manager of the great Ed "Strangler" Lewis and practically czar of wrestling in the 1920's, married girls from the same small Kansas town and became acquainted. Sam was touring the country as an actor with a stock company at the time. Sandow urged his newly found friend with the

excellent voice and stage poise to abandon his theatrical career and get into the grappling field. Avey's first venture into this field was as a referee and he became so competent that he was in demand to handle big bouts everywhere. Sam acted as third man in the famous Londos-Lewis bout in St. Louis in 1923 and officiated at the Lewis-Stanley Stasiak match at Boston's Mechanics Hall that same year. Sam soon found that traveling about the country as



a referee kept him away from home almost as much as his theatrical work so he decided to settle down as a promoter in 1924. He selected the booming young oil town of Tulsa and he has never had cause to regret that choice.

Avey is known for his philanthropy as well as his sports and civic activity. Two of his pet charities are his annual Babies Milk Fund wrestling show and his Christmas Party for the poor kids of Tulsa.

His Babies Milk Fund wrestling show, run in conjunction with a committee of socially prominent Tulsa ladies, is a model for all such athletic benefits. Every cent taken in at the gate, excepting bare expenses, is turned over to the fund to buy milk for underprivileged children. This benefit has been enthusiastically accepted by the citizens of Tulsa and the house is always sold out. Each year Avey presents the Milk Fund ladies with a check of between seven and eight thousand dollars. Last year the fund received \$7,532 from the show.

His other pride is his annual Christmas Party. Every holiday season Sam fills his Coliseum to capacity with wide-eyed youngsters who are entertained by bands, clowns, and other entertainment and then sent home, each with a large package of oranges, apples, nuts, and candies. Last year he gave away ten thousand of these packages of good cheer.

The Avey Coliseum is equipped with ice making machinery and Sam books leading ice revues when his hockey club is inactive. Recently he showed a gross gate of \$118,000 for seven performances of the Sonja Henie Ice Revue.

Avey has a new partner in his promotional operations in LeRoy McGuirk, former Oklahoma A. and M. collegian who held the world's Junior Heavyweight mat title until an unfortunate eye accident caused his retirement. Avey and McGuirk operate a wrestling booking office in Tulsa which supplies talent for cities in Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Texas. They are actively associated with the actual promotion of wrestling in Memphis, Little Rock, Tulsa and Oklahoma City.

It was Sam who saw professional possibilities in the fiery young McGuirk after the Tulsa lad had won many mat honors for beloved Ed Gallagher at the famous Oklahoma school. McGuirk still credits the advice and encouragement he received from his new partner as the determining factor in his becoming a great mat figure.

Yessir, Sam looks like anything but the human dynamo he is, but when it comes to all-around activity he certainly takes the cake.



Sam Avey and LeRoy McGuirk, his partner in promotion, with some of the cow juice purchased by proceeds from their annual Milk Fund wrestling show

Here's Sam—a real Santa Claus—being interviewed by a make-believe Kris Kringle at the promoter's annual Christmas party for Tulsa's underprivileged kids



They Made It ..

EACH year young wrestlers crop up from every part of the country seeking that much coveted spot—stardom. They come from all walks of life, colleges, farms, city pavements—almost anywhere. Some quit early because they cannot stand the gaff, but others make a career of it and put in everything they've got to reach the top. It's rugged tough work and requires determination, tenacity, condition, in fact all the requirements which go with success in any field.

In recent years more newcomers have come along than ever. Karol Krauser, for instance, is one who reached the high brackets. He didn't do it overnight. It took several years but now has an enviable place with the topnotchers. Born in Poland, he came to America when only five years old and took up wrestling almost immediately after leaving school. Karol's father had been a star wrestler in Europe Greco-Roman style, so he knew quite a bit about wrestling before he turned professional. Karol was probably the first man to introduce flashy bathrobes in the ring. He got the idea in Hollywood and could well afford to pay \$300 dollars and more, because Lady Luck smiled on him when he won \$75,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes a few years ago. But, this windfall didn't change Karol's ideas about wrestling. He went on until he climaxed his ambi-

Karol
Krauser



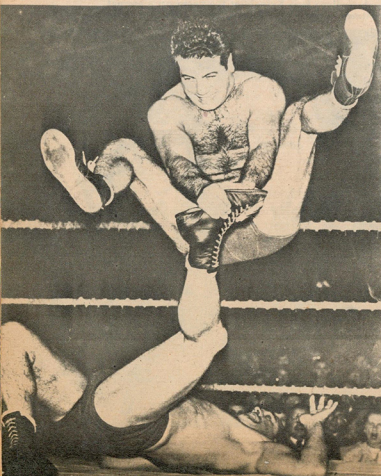
tion and became a star. Incidentally, he is one of the best fencers in the country. He practices it all the time, which accounts, in part, for his speed and suppleness.

Billy Raborn is another lad who made good. Born in Atlanta, he saved enough money to go to New York. Good looking and a physical marvel he was an overnight sensation making his debut in Atlantic City on a card with Maurice La Chappelle and Dave Levin, later to become world champion.

Another lad who made good is Johnny Balbo. Balbo originally hails from Boston. His style of wrestling was so crowd pleasing when he started that it was several years before he was seen in action anywhere outside of the New England States.

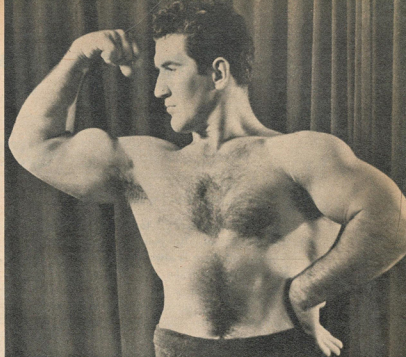
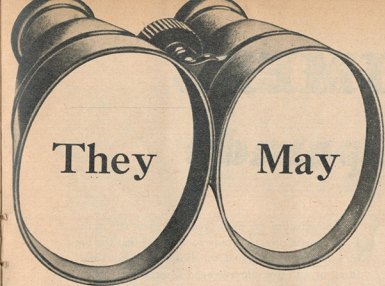
These are a few of the lads who made the grade. How many new names will get top billing in the next year or so?

Johnny Balbo uses his Cannonball

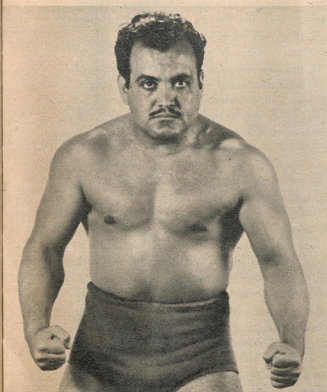


Billy Raborn



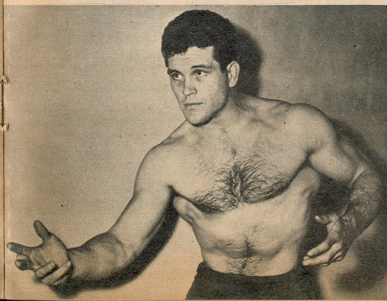


Don Prata, New England favorite



Cesar Sando, Southwestern prospect

Billy Melby, from the Northwest



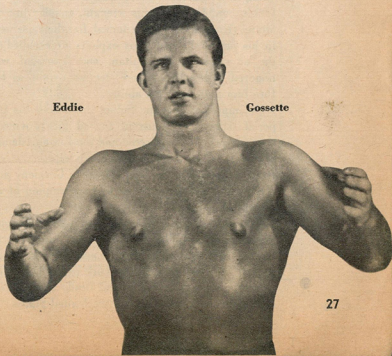
LIKE Krauser, Balto and Raborn on the preceding page, the boys shown here started from scratch—and they too seem destined to reach the upper brackets as wrestlers.

The four pictured, of course, by no means comprise the entire current crop. Each section has at least one outstanding young prospect. Such as Bud Curtis and Riki Dozan in Hawaii; Joe Scarpello and Big Bill Miller in the Midwest; Johnny Harmon in Mint Julep territory; Doug Henson in the Southwest; Mike Paidousis, a great Southern favorite; Bob McCune on the West Coast and a host of others.

The next champion may come from this list or may be a youngster who right now is preparing for a mat career wrestling in college or some YMCA. Wherever he comes from, he'll come up the hard way, fighting every step of the way for his high honors.

Eddie

Gossette



OLD TIMERS on parade

By Perry A. Wiley

WHEN old-timers get together, they compare the athletes of fifty years ago with those of the present and there is always a difference of opinion as to the merits of the present crop of gladiators of the mat and ring.

It is generally agreed that among the best of the old-time wrestlers were Evan Lewis, the original "strangler"; Tom Jenkins, Frank Gotch, George Hackenschmidt, Stanislaus Zbyszko and many old fans still remember Yousseuf, the Terrible Turk, the strongest ever to wrestle in this country.

This superman, Ishmael Yousseuf, was a passenger on the French liner, La Bourgogne, that sailed from New York, July 2, 1893, and was rammed by the Cromartyshire off Sable Island two days later. Yousseuf was one of the 532 passengers who met death on that occasion, but he might have saved himself had he thrown away the gold he had in a belt around his waist.

Survivors told of Yousseuf's appearance on deck in his Turkish costume shortly after the collision. He looked around, fingered his belt, then rushed to the side and jumped, sinking like a plummet from the weight of the gold. Yousseuf was not an educated man. He had brute strength, he stood 6 ft. 6 in, and had a handle-bar mustache. He was born in the town of Scutari, on the Straits of the Bosphorus, where he began wrestling when only a youngster. He readily acquired considerable skill, which, combined with his strength, enabled him to attain victories over men famed for their prowess in his native district. His exploits were called to the attention of the Sultan, and Yousseuf was honored with a "command" request to appear before him and show his ability.

So impressed was the Sultan that under his imperial patronage, Yousseuf toured the provinces, then Egypt, Algeria, Greece and the Ionian Islands, always with success. Then he threw representatives from all the countries from Japan to Germany and was generally acknowledged to be champion of all Europe.

Through some friends who had toured Europe, the attention of William A. Brady, the noted theatrical manager, was called to this new wonder. Brady sent an emissary to look the Turk over. The emissary's report was favorable and Brady immediately signed the Turk for a tour of the United States.

The arrival of the Turk created a great stir in the U. S. sporting world. Brady soon found that the big man from the shores of the Bosphorus was something of an eater. He averaged several big meals a day, drank coffee out of a soup tureen grounds and all. He ate with his fingers, and his usual meal consisted of enough for six people.

Brady lost no time in getting the big Turk to work. At that time Ernest Roeber was champion of the world and considered invincible at his weight. He had met and defeated many who were called world champions and he had no fear of the Turk. A match was made for the old Madison Square Garden on March 27, 1893. The Garden was packed. Wrestling fans for miles around were there expecting to see a great match. They saw plenty of excitement but no wrestling.

One look at the Turk was enough for Roeber. He decided that his best plan was to keep away and depend upon strategy to win. So he persisted in running around the edge of the mat with the Turk after him. There were no ropes to keep him within bounds, and he knew a fall outside the mat would not count. Angered by these tactics the Turk followed Roeber off the mat and grabbed him by the ears. He dragged Roeber to the mat and then picked him up and threw him into the audience. Roeber lay unconscious until Police Captain McCullough ordered his men to carry him to his dressing room.

The audience in those days were not used to that kind of wrestling, and many crowded the ringside with cries to "Lynch him!" One who got into the ring was picked up by the Turk who threw him into the audience. Just as the mob was about to make a rush for the Turk, who stood in the middle of the mat to meet all comers, Captain McCullough and his men returned and restored order. Then Brady, through his interpreter, succeeded in calming the Turk and assured him the police were there to protect him and took him to his dressing room.

Brady then took the Turk on a tour of the country, offering \$100 to any who could stay 15 minutes with him. Brady and the Turk returned to New York and arranged a second bout with Roeber. He induced Frank Sanger to rent him the Metropolitan Opera House for the contest May 1, 1893. In order to prevent another Garden affair a ring was built on the stage. Instead of a (Continued on page 41)



ISHMAEL YOUSOUFF

HOORAY FOR RAY

The Secretary of the Ray Gunkel Fan Club tells us all about their hero—and maybe starts something

By Mary Jo Mercer

RAY GUNKEL was born on February 16, 1925 in Chicago. His father, Pete Gunkel, was a minor league baseball player.

Members of his family say that Ray "always had a good grip"—that his "baby hugs" often led to headaches.

Ray has always been interested in sports. At 13 he won the Chicago Tribune Juvenile Silver Skates Championship. As a child he preferred wrestling to boxing in settling disputes with his childhood friends. When asked "Do you want to box or wrestle?" he always chose the latter. Ray seemed to have been born with the instinct to wrestle.

Ray attended Kelvyn Park High School in Chicago where he was a member of the swimming team and captain of his football and ice skating teams. He won the Nobel Kizer Award as the outstanding football player in his high school and was a member of the All City Champs. He was a life guard in Chicago for five years.

Wrestling seemed to come

ATTENTION FANS

Mary Jo Mercer is Secretary of just one of the many wrestling fan clubs throughout the country. We printed her story not only because it is a fine biography of an outstanding young wrestler, but because it indicates the intense interest and liking of members of these fan clubs for the sport we represent. We'd like to give all the fan clubs a permanent place where they can raise their voices in favor of the athletes they esteem in particular and the sport of wrestling in general. So, if you devotees who have fan clubs will send us all the latest information about your favorites and your organizations, we'll start a regular section devoted to your activities.

We do not particularly need biographical material. Our experienced writers and consultants provide just about all of that kind of material we can use. We can use news of your clubs and interesting information about the wrestlers in whose names you have banded together.

Here's your chance to get a national voice. Send in your stuff, won't you?



natural to Ray and his first amateur wrestling match took place when he was in high school. Ray won the match.

Ray was a member of the United States Marine Corps in 1942-1944 as a physical education instructor stationed at Norman, Oklahoma.

Ray received his Bachelor of Science Degree in Physical Education from Purdue University in 1947 under the accelerated program. He received his Masters Degree from Purdue in Industrial Recreation in 1948. He holds a teacher's license in social studies and a coaching license. Ray was a stand-out lineman for the Purdue eleven for three consecutive years from 1944-1947, gaining All American fame on several of the nation's leading sports writers teams in his senior year. He was captain of the Purdue Wrestling Team in 1947 and 1948. These same two years found him holding the N.A.A.U. Heavyweight Championship. His greatest thrill as an amateur wrestler came when as a sophomore in 1945 he defeated Verné Gagne, the defending N.A.A.U. Champion, at that time, in a meet at Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois. Another great thrill as an amateur came when he made a twenty-five second fall in the N.A.A.U. tournament in San Francisco in 1947.

As an amateur Ray trained by running and following the regular rules for good health including proper diet and proper sleep. He says that the most important thing for a boy to remember is to be sure that he has "good conditioning prior to attempting to wrestle."

Ray had no particular hero as an amateur wrestler but rather picked certain qualities from each wrestler and tried to incorporate them into a style of his own. His hero as a professional wrestler is Bobby Managoff.

Billy Thom, 1936 Assistant Olympic Wrestling Coach, influenced Ray in becoming a professional wrestler. Ray chose this profession because it "pays well" and he "loves the sport."

Ray's first professional bout took place in 1948 in Indianapolis, Indiana. His opponent was Carlos Rodriguez. As every young hopeful starting out on a professional career Ray was apprehensive but after pinning his opponent with a back drop in nine minutes he decided that his new career might not be as tough as anticipated. Naturally he was elated over his first win.

Ray has wrestled in Canada, Hawaii, Australia, and New Zealand in addition to Texas and the Chicago area. While wrestling in Hawaii he twice defeated Jack Clayborne who at the time held the Hawaiian Junior Heavyweight Title. However, Ray weighed over 215 pounds which was the maximum weight so Jack remained the Hawaiian Champ.

To date, Ray's toughest match took place in Houston, Texas in 1951 when he met Lou Thesz for the world's Heavyweight Championship. The match

lasted about forty-five minutes. Ray and Lou split the first two falls. Thesz took the final fall with an overriding body scissors after Ray had attempted to get a top scissors.

Ray thinks the best wrestler he has ever met is Thesz, largely due to Lou's unique sense of balance.

The strongest wrestler Ray has ever met is Mighty Atlas. Atlas is a wrestler who concentrates on holds which necessitate the use of brute strength and his training is concentrated on the development of this brute strength.

The most amusing incident that occurred during his wrestling career took place in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada where the mat was erected over the swimming pool. The ring ropes broke and Ray and his opponent, Sietlee Samarii, fell into the pool. Ray being an excellent swimmer returned to the ring first and his opponent was counted out.

An unusual incident occurred while he was wrestling in Welland, also in Canada. The ring was constructed over an ice skating rink. During the match mist began to rise from the ice. It was like wrestling in a fog with neither wrestler able to see his opponent clearly. Ray won the match when his opponent, Wee Willie Davis, was disqualified.

Ray's favorite hold is the flying body scissors. He also likes drop kicks and tackles when they can be used to their best advantage.

Ray feels that the public, through means of an educational program, should be taught more about wrestling as a science—they should be shown how advantageous it can be by helping to make those who participate in it physically healthy.

Ray is interested in all sports. He is an avid swimmer and ice skater. He also plays golf. An additional hobby is playing gin rummy. He also plays bridge. Some of the wrestlers refer to him as the "gin rummy champion" because he once blitzed Ed "Strangler" Lewis four times in succession.

His ambition, as a wrestler, is to one day be the World's Heavyweight Champion. His personal ambition is to be a good citizen himself and if possible contribute to the well-being of other individuals.

He is sponsoring a safety club in Houston, Texas in cooperation with the police department. In connection with this program Ray makes speeches on safety to the children of Houston. When asked why Ray was chosen to sponsor this organization he received this reply from Lt. G. H. Sheppard of the Safety Division of the Police Department of Houston: "Ray Gunkel was chosen as sponsor of the club, first, because he is the most popular wrestler among the youngsters. Second, he is very interested in child traffic safety. Third, he is a clean, upright, religious gentleman, and is the type of person that appeals to the parents as well as to the children. I have been closely associated with Ray Gunkel for the past several months and I know that Ray is very interested in (Continued on page 41).



Bert, Jr.

Mr. Bertolini, of the Bryn Mawr Bertolinis, has so many irons in the fire in so many places at so many times that they call him

BUSY BERT

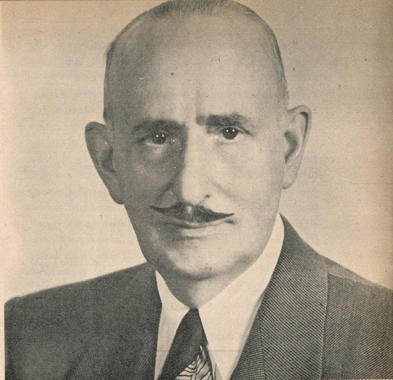
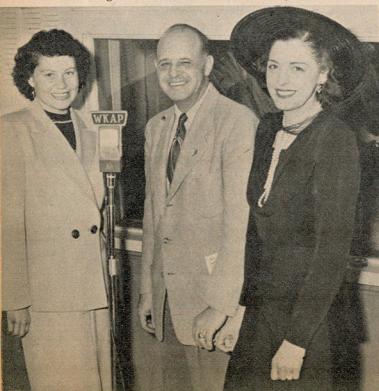
By AL MAYER

NOW observing his silver anniversary as a wrestling promoter, Anthony Christopher (Bert) Bertolini, of Philadelphia, Bryn Mawr and points east, west, north and south certainly can be termed one of the country's premier mat maestros.

It was in 1926 that the mustachioed, always dapper Bertolini and Ray Fabiani promoted a show in the huge Philadelphia Municipal Stadium. The main event principals were Joe Stecher and Jim Londres. Bertolini still is going strong.

During the 1950-1951 indoor season Bertolini promoted no less than 90 wrestling shows in five cities—29 in Wilmington, Del., 23 in Reading, Pa., 15 in Harrisburg, Pa., 10 in Allentown, Pa., and 8 in Orwigsburg, Pa., a suburb of Pottsville, Pa. If those 90 shows aren't a record for one promoter they

Lady wrestler Mae Weston, left, and Mrs. Bertolini being interviewed over station WKAP, Allentown



Anthony Christopher (Bert) Bertolini

will stand as one until a better mark comes along.

Bert became a promoter quite by accident. A former sports writer, opera critic and ice cream manufacturer, he first became interested in wrestling when he formed a lasting friendship with Ray Fabiani.

The friendship began when Fabiani was playing first violin with the Chicago Opera Company and Bertolini was critic for an Italian newspaper in Philadelphia.

When Fabiani decided to become a wrestling promoter, Bertolini joined him. Later, when Fabiani returned to Chicago, not as a violinist but as a mat maestro, Bertolini branched out on his own.

Born in Salerno, Italy, Bertolini came to America when he was a mere youngster. One of his proudest distinctions is that he originated an ice cream of Italian flavor, known as spumoni.

Bert Bertolini is just as busy a promoter in the summer months as he is in the winter. Last summer he was the first to open Hershey Sports Arena, where he packed in fans to the box office tune of \$10,000 and better. He is also active in Wilmington, Del., where he promotes in the big Ball Park.

Bert is happily married to stunningly handsome Margaret Bertolini. They have a 16-year-old son, Vincent, who is an outstanding student.

The wrestlers like to work for Bertolini and Bert likes to work with the wrestlers.

"Always give, or try to give, the fans what they want," is Bertolini's creed. It has paid off, and exceptionally well, for the past 25 years.

The 60-year-old Bertolini, who looks much younger, now starting on his second quarter-century of promoting, intends to follow that creed during the next 25 years!

TENDER RUFFY

Ruffy Silverstein, who is a terror to opponents in the ring, fails to live up to his name off the mat

HIS face looks tough, but his heart is tender.

Ruffy Silverstein, the former Big Ten and National collegiate wrestling champion from Illinois, and currently one of the world's leading professional heavyweight contenders, is a big hearted fellow, to say the least, in the ring that is.

In his spare time, with no remuneration, the powerful and fast moving Ruffy teaches wrestling to young men at the Ohio State School for Blind at Columbus, O.

This class also tends to prove Ruffy's theory that the sense of balance is most important in wrestling.

"Blind men have the best sense of balance," Ruffy explains.

"After these boys make contact, they are exceptional wrestlers and are learning holds better than the boys who can see."

Ruffy revealed that he wrestles with his eyes closed "about half of the time."

"It doesn't take me more than a few minutes after I put my hands on an opponent's shoulders and start to rock him until I have a fair idea about his sense of balance.

"Some of the big men are very strong, but don't know how to handle their strength," Ruffy says.

"Others are powerful for about 15 or 20 minutes, then lose their strength and are easy to throw off balance, then pin."

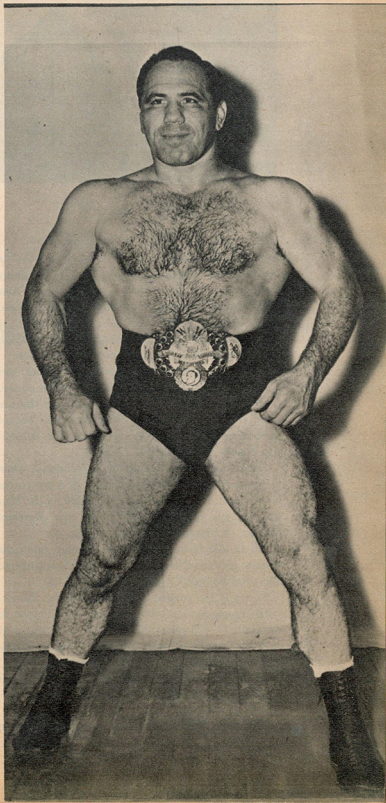
Silverstein won his first wrestling medal at the age of 9, while representing the Lawson playground in the Chicago Park District tournament. He weighed only 62 pounds.

Later he captained the Crane Tech High School mat team to the city prep title—after that he went on to take the tops in championships at the University of Illinois.

In the year 1951, Ruffy was at home (in Chicago) only 83 days. The rest of his time was spent traveling about the country engaging in an average of four bouts a week, and traveling 70,000 miles.

Many of the sports scribes around the country are calling "Ruffy" the uncrowned world champion.

—And they could be not too far off.





ZEALOUS NEW ZEALANDER

Jack Carter has bounced around the world displaying his mat wares—and he's still enthusiastic

JACK CARTER is perhaps the most Eager-Beaver type of wrestler you have ever met. Fifteen years on the professional wrestling mat, a globe-encircling career and having seen just about everything there is on this old world have failed to dim Jack's enthusiasm for life one whit.

He still likes to travel, wrestle and ski. He still is an avid camera fan and an active all around sportsman. And, most of all, he is enthusiastically devoted to his family—a wife and baby daughter. His wife and daughter accompany Carter on most of his trips. Wifey, whom he met and married in

New England, already is as devoted to travel as her husband. The baby shows signs of becoming an international globe trotter—given enough time.

Carter is a native of Auckland, New Zealand, where he began to wrestle as an amateur. He started his professional career in Sydney in 1937 as a light heavyweight, but quickly outgrew that division.

After three years in his native land, Jack hied himself to South Africa for two years. Then he went to England, where he hit the jackpot for the first time. During four years on the little Isle he became a championship contender, wrestling for Britain's top honors several times.

From England, Jack came to this country, where he immediately established himself as a hit on our West Coast. His career was interrupted by the War, but not his travelling. He joined the Merchant Marine—to see the world—of course.

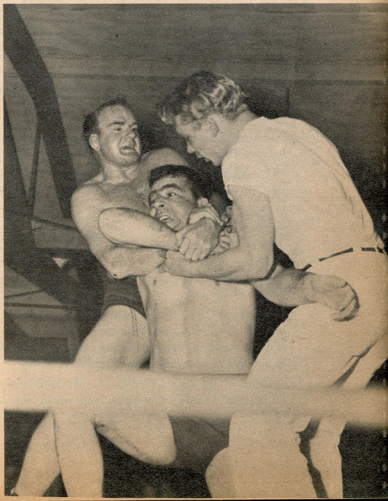
All in all, Jack has wrestled on four continents against just about every kind of opposition imaginable. And he still likes every minute of it.

Carter is the rugged type, who provides the fans with almost constant action. Being experienced, he naturally is well-versed in every phase of the game and can match almost any matman in his knowledge of holds, maneuvers, and showmanship.

Oh yes. He is a fine amateur pilot and hopes some day to be able to travel from place to place in his own plane.

"That way I'll be able to get more places in less time," he points out.

Jack Carter gets a bit too zealous in Twin Falls, prompting the referee to break up the Choke Hold



WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

What former wrestler is now President of the Chicago Bears?

Jim McMillen

Who is the tallest wrestler now in action?

Iron Man Talon

What former wrestler is a prominent painter and owns private art galleries?

Patrick O'Connor

What French wrestler speaks better Russian than French?

Maurice Triller—The French Angel

What is the name of the Sumo wrestler who decided to stay in the US and wrestle American style?

Oonami

Where is wrestling conducted by rounds?

Australia

What wrestler is a well known poet and has had many books of poetry published?

Sheik Ben Ali

Where are American wrestlers making their biggest hit outside of the U. S.?

South Africa. Crowds of ten thousand or more flock to wrestling matches in towns like Johannesburg, Kimberley, Pretoria and others.

What wrestler boxed and wrestled at two different clubs the same night and won both matches?

Paddy Mack. Paddy boxed at Braves Field in one round by K.O., then wrestled the main go at Revere Beach, which he also won.

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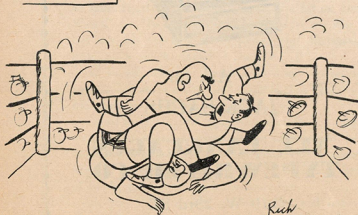


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STAY 5 MINUTES
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ALL COMERS WELCOME!

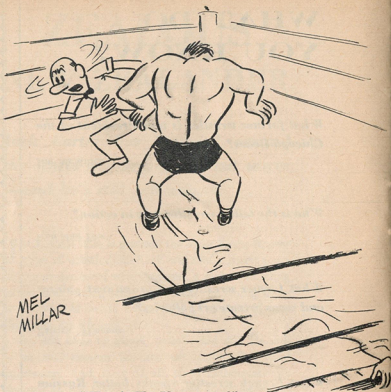
Harold Pekar

RY TIGER
VS
AN MOUNTAIN BEN



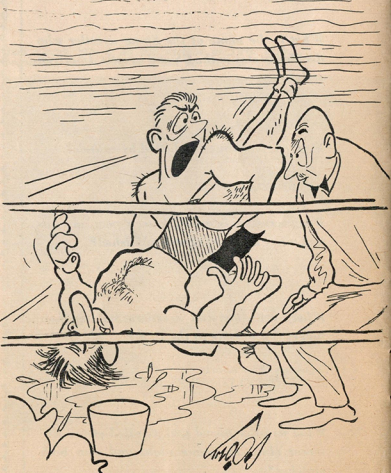
Ruch

"How about leaving the referee out of this?"



MEL
MILLAR

"Where'd The Phantom go?"



"I promised 'em I'd mop up the ring with this guy."

They make wrestling tick



It took a major accident to throw Orville Brown, but he proved that even that can't keep a good man down

By Jim Chemi

THE old axiom, "You can't keep a good man down," certainly applies to the case of Orville Brown, who is the former world heavyweight wrestling champion.

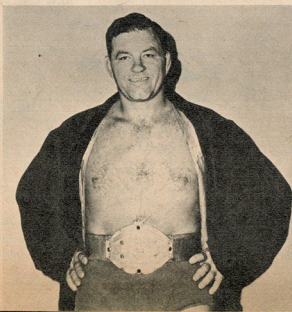
A stroke of misfortune dealt Orville a hard blow two years ago. He had wrestled in Des Moines on the night of October 31, 1949, and he had successfully retained his world title. On his return motor car trip to his home in Kansas City tragedy struck near Bethany, Mo., and Brown was severely injured when his car skidded underneath a jack-knifed trailer-truck.

For days Orville's life hung in the balance and only his excellent physical condition saved him from almost certain death. However, the head injury forced his retirement from the ring. Later in the winter of 1950 he notified Pinkie George, then President of the National Wrestling Alliance, that he was relinquishing the world title. Soon afterwards, Lou Thesz was unanimously acclaimed the undisputed titlist.

Orville had bowed out of active competition still unconquered in his world title reign—truly an excellent mat record for a great champion.

Many athletes would have become discouraged by an injury that forced them to abandon their sport endeavors. But Orville Brown, never a quitter, refused to step completely out of the sport that had been his lifetime career.

Brown, the wrestler



Brown, the promoter

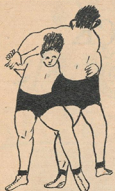
When the physicians advised Orville not to engage in mat action under actual competitive conditions, the former champion decided to keep his hand in the sport by turning his attention to the business side of wrestling. He signed a long-term contract with Promoter George D. Simpson to become the sole matchmaker for all matches held under Simpson's sponsorship in the two Kansas Cities, Missouri and Kansas.

Brown also has taken an interest in several newcomers to the pro heavyweight ranks and he has "adopted" two proteges—Dennis Clary and Lou Hines. Clary already has elevated himself to national stardom under Brown's capable coaching and guidance. Last year Dennis became the top drawing attraction throughout the entire Missouri-Kansas region and the handsome Irish lad is now going great guns along the West Coast.

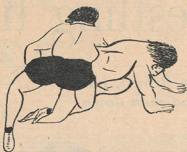
Hines has just started his climb up the ladder of success in the mat sport and Coach Brown has the San Francisco wrestler under a rigid daily training program.

"It's a big thrill being a coach," Orville remarked at a recent Kansas City press dinner. "You can watch your student slowly rise to the top and when you correct his mistakes it brings back memories of when you were first starting out.

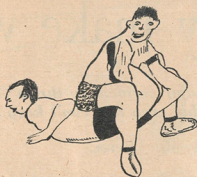
THE SPORT OF A THOUSAND HOLDS



Back heel and waistlock



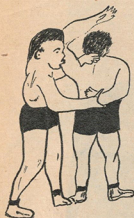
Inside grapevine



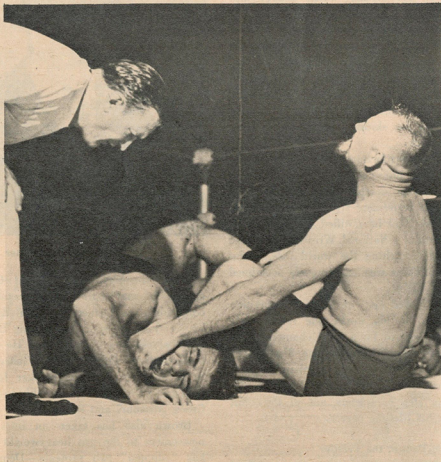
Crab hold



Flying Mare



Hammerlock and half nelson



Counter for side headlock



Front chancery



Body hold and grapevine



Defense for chancery bar and hold



Leg and arm lock



Fall from half nelson and scissors



Hammerlock and leg hold

Do You Know Your Holds?

N. W. A.

Official WRESTLING'S \$1000 Prize Contest

*Here's a test to see how
many holds you can identify*

They used to call the late Earl Caddock the "Man With a Thousand Holds," and though he was by no means a giant, he proved expert enough to become the heavyweight champion of the world. Many of his body twisters died with him.

But the wrestlers of today are pretty versatile, and many of the brighter brains in the business are inventing new holds to augment the routine seizures that have been commonplace since wrestling began 'way back when. . . .

But let's get to the point; which is that more fans today are familiar with more holds than even the experts knew in the old days.

So, in order to find out how MUCH our readers know—how many different holds they can identify, N. W. A. Official WRESTLING is starting, in this issue, a contest which not only will be educational but may prove profitable to you as well.

On the opposite page is depicted in "primitive art" a series of 14 different holds used in modern catch-as-catch-can wrestling, properly captioned. In the center is a photograph of a couple of wrestlers showing a hold which you are to identify with its proper illustration in the small panels.

This feature will be run consecutively through the next 12 issues. The gimmick is that the hold in the center may not necessarily appear in any of the panels on the same page, but if not, all of the holds shown in the photographs will be in panels in succeeding issues.

At the finish of the feature, N. W. A. Official WRESTLING will award One Thousand Dollars in U. S. Savings Bonds to the person who identifies correctly the greatest number of holds with their corresponding sketches. Each contestant must write a letter describing a certain hold and everything else being equal, the best letter, in the opinion of the judges, will be awarded a \$500.00 U. S. Savings Bond. The second best will receive \$300.00 in the same bonds, third prize is \$100.00 in the bonds, and the next best four will receive \$25.00 bonds each.

Names of the judges will be announced in the next issue of this magazine, and their decisions will be final.

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. You do not have to buy this magazine to compete in the contest on an equal basis. Nor do you have to use the accompanying form, which is merely for your convenience. You may send in your answers on any piece of writing paper, but print your name and address correctly.

No employee of N. W. A. Official Wrestling Magazine, Inc., or members of his family, or relatives, are eligible to compete. The rules and regulations of the U. S. Post Office will govern in the contest.

In writing your letter, in addition to the identification of the hold, you must designate which issue the pictures appear in; and if you identify the wrestlers in the center picture, it may count in your favor; though this is not required to win a prize.

Now, get busy and get into the act.

You may use the following for your answer, or write it on another sheet of paper. Only one answer, however, will be counted from the same person on each hold.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

I broke his hand like a MATCH!



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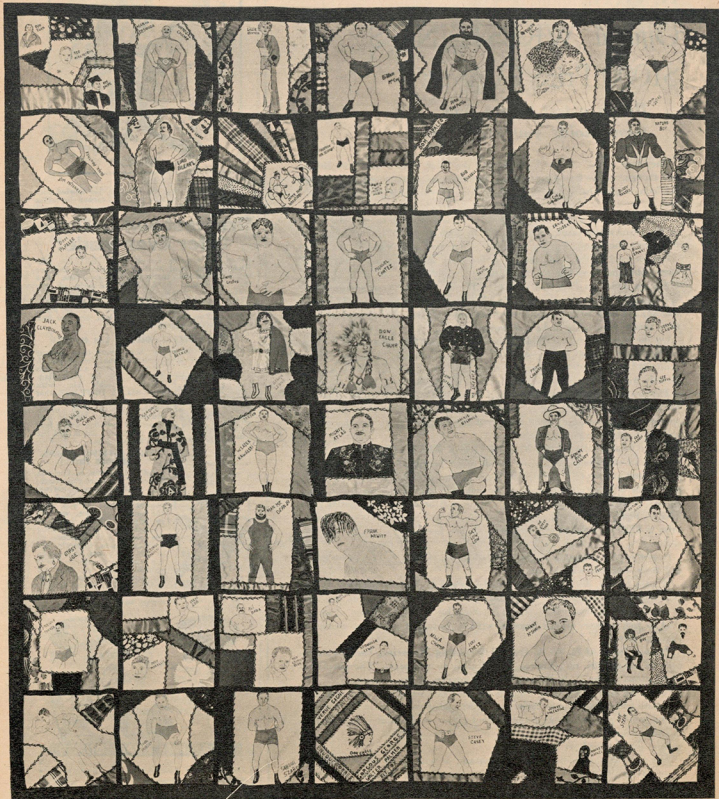
☐ I enclose \$1—No C.O.D.

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LABOR OF LOVE



Here is a labor of love if we ever saw one. The quilt pictured above, is entirely hand made and features free-hand sewn pictures in color of most of the popular wrestlers from coast to coast. Such dresser-uppers as Gorgeous George, Gene Stanlee, Baron Leone and other well garbed matmen are shown in their customary ring costumes. Don Eagle has his feathers dyed in exactly the same color he wears. The maker and owner of the quilt is Mrs. Mary Webber of 447 Park Drive, Boston, Mass. Need we say that Mrs. Webber is a wrestling fan as well as a quilting artist?

HOORAY FOR RAY!

(Continued from page 31)

children and is the type of person with whom I would want my child to be associated."

Ray says that there is no doubt but that a wrestler can defeat a boxer. How could a boxer possibly strike a damaging blow to a wrestler when a wrestler can so easily prevent the boxer from reaching him by using any number of wrestling holds? When Jack Dempsey was a champion boxer he called off a match between himself and Ed "Strangler" Lewis. He (Dempsey) felt that a boxer could easily win a contest with a wrestler but "just in case" he trained. Before time for the scheduled contest he tried out his tactics on Ray Steele who had been the World's Champion Wrestler and he called off the match with Lewis when Ray Steele defeated him.

Ray is six feet two inches tall and weighs two-hundred thirty pounds. His other measurements are chest, 47 inches; biceps, 18 inches; waist, 34 inches;

hips, 44 inches; forearm, 14 inches; thigh, 28 inches; calf, 18 inches. All his clothes are tailor-made except for his sports shirts.

Ray's breakfast consists of four soft-cooked (three minute) eggs, wholewheat toast, and milk. He usually eats steak or liver with lots of vegetables and salads and milk for lunch—duplicating this meal after the matches. He eats very little bread, except as toast, and he only eats desserts occasionally—his favorite dessert being one which his mother prepares which is similar to Baked Alaska. His favorite entree is steak. His between meal snacks consist of fresh fruit.

Ray is an exponent of good clean living. He neither smokes nor drinks.

Ray is not married. He has no brothers but has a married sister living in Chicago.

Ray averages about four matches a week—traveling from town to town in his Buick convertible.

OLD TIMER

(Continued from page 28)

wrestling bout the customers saw a gang fight and near riot.

When Youssouf entered the ring this time he sat in his corner chewing his mustache and showing his huge back and muscles. He was more than 100 pounds heavier than Roeber and over six inches taller. This time Roeber succeeded in keeping away from the Turk for about twenty minutes. The Turk stood in the center of the ring then suddenly leaped for Roeber and banged him against a ring post. An instant later Youssouf repeated the trick. Roeber then swung his right and landed twice on the Turk's nose. Herman Wolff, the referee, tried to break up the rough tactics.

Brady then jumped into the ring followed by boxer Bob Fitzsimmons. Brady punched Fitz in the jaw and the police had to save the promoter from a beating from Ruby Robert. They were both thrown out of the ring and after a semblance of order was restored Referee Wolff gave his decision—"No contest."

One match of note was with "Strangler" Evan Lewis (the original) in Chicago. The match was made with no holds barred. Everyone expected Lewis to win in short order with his favorite hold. The Turk stepped in and got the hold on Lewis and soon had the "Strangler" helplessly strangled. The referee disqualified the Turk and gave the decision to Lewis. Brady accused the referee of favoring Lewis but agreed to let the Turk wrestle Lewis

again with another referee. This time the Turk then pinned Lewis in six minutes.

Charley White, one of the best boxing referees in the game thought he had a champion wrestler in an East Side pushcart peddler. He told White he had wrestled in his country (Greece) and was very good. White lost no time arranging a match with Youssouf.

The match was held in the old Madison Square Garden before a capacity crowd and it came near being the end of the Greek. Youssouf was the first in the ring and amused the crowd by showing his muscles while waiting for Heraldes, which was the name Charley White gave his champion. Heraldes came down to the ring throwing kisses to the audience and the bout got under way.

The Greek was allowed to stay 37 minutes in order to give the audience a good show for their money. Then the Greek slapped Youssouf on the cheek, Youssouf grabbed the Greek and put the strangle hold on him. When the referee pulled them apart the Greek moaned "Me seek" and so ended the Greek champion.

Dennis Gallagher was the last man to meet the Terrible Turk. They met June 29, 1898 in Buffalo and Gallagher who weighed about 165 was pinned twice in less than an hour. Youssouf then decided he had enough of this country. He had more than \$10,000 in gold and was enroute to his homeland to retire and live the life of a gentleman when he met his tragic end.

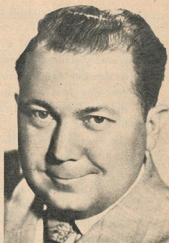
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neuver (right)

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From The Fox Hole

By Wayne Griffin ABC-TV Commentator



It isn't enough having to know about "umteen" thousand wrestling holds to be a commentator, I have to be a fashion expert as well. That's right, because with black and white television, it rests upon my shoulders to adequately describe the outfits that our denizens wear. And they do think up some "outlandish" outfits from time to time. It's an interesting sidelight however, and here are some notes about it:

Don Eagle wears an authentic costume from his Canadian Indian tribe. Not only Eagle, but his dad, War Eagle, who is constantly with him, wear the real thing. Each of the pieces that Don wears has a special meaning . . . the headpiece, the small belt, the neckpiece. They have come down from generation to generation. . . .

Newest of the costumes is one worn by Al Tucker. Al's new robe took some five months to make and has entwined down the back and around the side—a dragon. . . . Yes, and here's why. . . . Al tells me that a dragon of old—the story book kind of dragon—always spit fire when aroused. Al tells me he's that kind of a wrestler. When he's aroused by an opponent in the ring—look out, maybe fire even. . . .

Many of the robes and jackets worn by wrestlers in the midwest come from "Claire of Columbus." She's well known in the wrestling inner circles and comes up with some great creations. . . .

Nuff about what they wear—let's talk about gals—always a pleasant subject . . . except when they start with mayhem. It happened recently in Cleveland when four of them, in a tag match, ganged up on the referee and tore his shirt off. I get lots of mail from gals who think they'd like to follow wrestling as a career. Acting strictly as a "go-between," I forward those letters to Al Haft in Columbus, Ohio. . . . He knows the answers to that problem.

When I think back on the old days of wrestling I can certainly hand it to the various state athletic commissions. There was a day when it was dangerous from a health standpoint to get into a

ring because of the ill effects the boys would get. Now, with new sanitary regulations, there is no problem. Occasionally the boys will go into a ring that has been used for boxing. If there is too much resin left on the mat from boxing it can cause serious skin disorders. But thank goodness, it doesn't happen often.

I used to worry about that resin my self—not on wrestling, but on boxing commentary. Seated as close to the ring as I am, the resin dust is about the only thing there is to breathe at the moment. It can cause a real rough throat if it isn't watched.

Well, things are expanding along the ABC-TV wrestling network. By the time you read this, additional thousands will be viewing our Wrestling From Rainbo show, via film. We've already started filming the show in a condensed version and hope you'll be looking for it in your town. We'll be coast-to-coast, and hope someday in the near future that our whole show can be carried "live" that way.

As you may or may not know, I do a lot of traveling, especially from Chicago east and south. I have yet to get on a train or a plane where somebody didn't come up to me and start talking wrestling. I was having dinner just a short time ago at the southernmost restaurant in the U.S. at Key West, Florida. Believe it or not, the waitress started talking about wrestling. They didn't have TV down there, but she was from Boston and wanted me to bring her up to date on the latest in wrestling. . . . Then, recently I flew American Airlines from Chicago to New York. Before we landed at LaGuardia I had a good argument started between the two stewardesses as to the prowess of a couple of our top boys, Ruffy Silverstein and Buddy Rogers. It seems that each of the boys was a favorite of the particular stewardess. . . . They were perfect ladies though, they didn't resort to wrestling to settle the argument.

Bobby Ford lost his dog recently. . . . Yes, an elderly dog, as dogs go—partially blind, but a friend to man. Bobby asked me to send out an alarm via TV

in Pittsburgh. Before the show was over Bobby had the offer of two new purebred puppies, one of which he accepted. P.S. We're still looking for the original purp. . . . Bobby, incidentally feels fine and is wrestling regularly after that five-month siege in a neck cast—the result of wrestling.

What type of people like wrestling? I certainly know the answer from my fan mail, and to dispel any rumors that you might have heard, read this. . . . Our show, last fall, was cut down in running time to one hour and about two weeks later I received the following letter: "I should like to protest the recent cutting of wrestling to one hour. I usually prepare my sermons on Wednesday afternoons and after reading them thru, relax by watching wrestling from Rainbo in Chicago. The one hour of wrestling is not a long enough period for relaxation." The letter was signed by a prominent Bishop in New England. That's why I continue to say that people from all walks of life watch and LIKE wrestling.

It's back to France, come October, for Francois Miquet. He's going back to try to regain the European heavyweight title from the present claimant—his BROTHER! That's right, his brother, who outweighs Francois by 50 pounds now holds the recognized title. Felix, Francois' brother, is now 36, and Francois is 30. The average attendance over the water is about 14,000, and such cities as Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Lille, and Bordeaux are great wrestling towns in France. Francois had made quite a success of wrestling in America—he landed here with muscles and 15 dollars. . . . He's not a farmer now, but he was brought up on a farm in France and learned his wrestling there.

- 1-Ackles, Kenny
2-Alexander, Al
3-Angel, French
4-Angel, Swedish
5-Appel, Ben
6-Armus
7-Asselin, Ovilla
8-Austeri, Jim
9-Aztec, Chairo
- 10-Baba, Ali
11-Babich, George
12-Bacigalupi
13-Bailargeon, Adrien
14-Barber, Hank
15-Bartush, Billy
16-Bauch, Frank
17-Becker, George
18-Bedouin, Emir
19-Billings, Al
20-Bleary, Jan
21-Blood, Warren
22-Bookwinkle, Herman
23-Bonica, Dr. John
24-Bookbinder
25-Bruce, Frank
26-Bruckman, George
27-Brunowicz, Frank
28-Bruns, Bobby
- 29-Carlton, Lou
30-Carnera, Primo
31-Casey Brothers
32-Cloud, War
33-Cohen, Sammy
34-Coleman, Abe
35-Colombo, Rocco
36-Cook, Bill
37-Corbett, Joe
38-Cox, Joe
39-Cosenza, Tony
- 40-Darnell, Bill
41-Davis, We Willie
42-Dean, Man Mountain
43-Denn, Wally
44-DeSouza, Mario
45-Deaton, Dean
46-Di Caprio, Mario
47-Dillon, Jack
48-Dineen, Mike
49-Don George, Ed
50-Donavon, Jack
51-Drapp, Andre
52-Dubuge, Gene
53-Dusek, Ernie
54-Dusek, Richie
55-Dusek, Rudy
56-Eagle, Don
- 57-Eric, Yukon
58-Estep, Elmer
59-Mr. Europe
60-Evans, Don
- 61-Finkelstein, Harry
62-Francis, Edmund
63-Freeman, Ace
- 64-Gagne, Verne
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67-Gardini, Benito
68-Garibaldi, Joe
69-Garibaldi, Gino
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71-Ginsberg, Joe
72-Gob, Steve
73-Goetz, Billy
74-Gomez, Silent P.
75-Gorky, Ivan
- 76-Hanly, Tom
77-Hansen, Bill
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79-Henegan, Eddie
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81-Herba, F.
82-Hermann, Hans
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88-Kamaroff, Joe
89-Kampfer, Hans
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141-Muldoon, Pat
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- 164-Russell, Rob
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168-Savoldi, Joe
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186-Strongberg, Rudy
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- 189-Taroff, Alex
190-Talabor, Frank
191-Talun
192-Tasner, Tiger
193-Terror, Golden
194-Thunderbird, Chief
195-Thunder, Roy
- 196-Vagnone, Gino
197-Vallentyne, Rudy
198-Villmer, Ray
- 199-Wagner, Bob
200-Welsh, Pat
201-Wentworth, Jack
202-White, Ed
203-Whitman, George
204-Wild, Lee Yag
205-Wolf, Chief Little
- 206-Yousuf, Mahmud
207-Yaqui, Chief Cherokee
- 208-Zaharias, Chris
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210-Ziegfried, Fritz
211-Zimmerman, Slim
212-Zsabo, Sander
- 213-Adela Antone
214-Asa, Ada
- 215-Barattini, Gloria
216-Bennett, Mars
217-Bitter, Billy
218-Blevins, Cecil
219-Burke, Mildred
220-Bryers, June
221-Carlo, Rosa
222-Coffman, Juanita
223-Cook, Cora
224-Combs, Cora
225-Copeland, Caroline
226-Dalton, Dolly
227-Dalton, Eleanor
228-Dotson, Dot
229-Ellison, Lillian
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Published on this page are some samples, greatly reduced in size on account of space.

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None of the series will be broken up.

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PICKING UP THE SLIPS

Here's the Letter of the Month

Editor

Wrestling Magazine

Enclosed is cheque for \$3.00 for one year's subscription to your magazine. I am a chiropractor and naturally am interested in health. True health is the result of adhering strictly to a clean, wholesome, day-by-day formula. Your magazine is chock full of living examples of men and women who attained their strength and power by regulating their lives to such a formula.

This Magazine will be placed in my waiting room where my patients can be reminded that true health can be had.

You and your associates are to be congratulated for bringing before the American boys models that they will do well to imitate. This glamorizing and popularizing of wrestlers will help counteract publicity of slick gangsters, crooked politicians and phonies in general.

In this day of appealing to the public for funds to aid the sick, why not create a fund to help the healthy boy and girl remain healthy and improve their bodies? I would gladly contribute to a fund that would make it possible to teach all children to wrestle. We would then have a country to be proud of and not one in which our children are torn between communism and democracy. A healthy body develops a healthy mind. This fund raising might be impossible, but in its absence keep up the good work.

William J. Bulger
102-21 Farmers Boulevard
Hollics 7, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have never seen a better specimen of a wrestler in the ring than our French Canadian champion Yvon Robert of Montreal. I am hoping to read about him in your magazine.

Jerome Paincha
Prince-Rupert
British Columbia, Canada.

Yvon Robert is a great athlete. We will have a story on him in a future issue.

Dear Editor:

My favorite wrestler is Enrique Torres. He's clean, fast and looks like a future. Others I also like are: Baron Leone—Ivan Rasputin—Gorge George — Don Eagle — Frankie Talaber.

Dan Smith
4139 N. 42nd St.
Phoenix, Arizona.

Gentlemen:

I would like to see a match between Argentina Roca and Don Eagle, also Argentina Roca and Baron Leone. They are my favorite wrestlers.

Suzanne Alderman
Oxnard, Calif.

They're good matches. Some promoter is sure to come up with them.

Dear Ed:

I do not think there is a magazine

published which gives as much information regarding the fine art of wrestling and the wrestlers themselves as does OFFICIAL WRESTLING. I would like to see a picture and article on Len "Cowboy" Hughes. In this part of the country Len is considered Mr. Wrestling himself.

G. L. Hurley
15½ Summit St.
Dartmouth, N. S., Canada

Sirs:

I read your magazine regularly and think it's great. I am enclosing a picture I took at the matches here. Hanging on the ropes is "Chest" Bernard, coming to get him is "Tarzan" Kowalski; the referee is Jerry Meeker also a wrestler. Kowalski won the match.

Allen Nelson
4926 Center Point Rd. NE
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

We are glad to publish the picture. It's good.

Gentlemen:

I was wondering if the wrestler you printed on the last page of your April issue was that of the Zebra Kid? When he was unmasked in Baltimore by Lord Carlton after a long period of secrecy, mat fans were surprised to see such a handsome wrestler.—Phyllis Higgins.

Yes, Phyllis, it was the Zebra Kid.

Well, No Wonder!

Dear Sir:

This wrestler Soldat Gorky, the Siberian, bears such a resemblance to one of the Smith brothers from Maine, that I thought you would like to compare them. Incidentally Soldat Gorky has a brother Ivan that wrestles in Portland, Ore. also, who looks for all the world like the other Smith brother from Maine. The Gorky brothers, like the Smiths, use the "Wolf Leap" very effectively and are also genuinely hated by the fans. Wouldn't it be something to see the four of them all in the ring together, wolf-leaping on one another?

L. J. Horn
Camas, Wash.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading your magazine but why don't you have more pictures of wrestlers from the west coast and Los Angeles? I would like you to have a story and picture of Dr. Lee Grable or Rodger Mackay. They are my favorites.

William Pietrowicz
3674 E. 4th Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

A picture and story of Rodger Mackay appeared in the May issue.

In the March issue of your magazine, there is an article on Danny McShain, the Junior Heavyweight champion. If McShain is a true champion he will meet all comers, but will he risk his championship against the greatest junior heavyweight, Tony Morelli? Morelli is my favorite wrestler and I would appreciate an article about him in your Magazine.

Bob Bryan
Pomona, Calif.

I was reading in your OFFICIAL WRESTLING that Bill Streeter, 102 Cloverdale Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., wanted newspaper clippings and programs from Houston, Texas; St. Louis, Mo.; San Francisco, Calif. and Chicago, in trade for clippings and programs from Buffalo. I would be glad to exchange with him and people from other states.

Donald Skelly
2819 Blair Ave.,
St. Louis (7) Mo.

out of the mail bag...

Editor:

What about a story and pictures of Jack and George Curtis? They are great favorites here. Don't let us down.

Georgiana Koeckert
8419 Freret St.
New Orleans, La.

We won't, Georgiana.

As you have stated, it's a matter of opinion as to who is the best wrestler, the best rookie and the most promising youngster. With regards to the latter my vote would go to Johnny Barend. He is 23, likes golf and raises St. Bernard dogs. I would appreciate an article and picture of him in your magazine at some future date.

June Haley
23 Maple Street
Lackawanna, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am a real wrestling fan. I keep up with wrestling from Greensboro, Charlotte, Columbia, S. C., Atlanta, Ga., Roanoke and Washington, D. C. My hobby is making scrap books of wrestlers and matches. If there is any fan who would like to trade pictures or clippings on wrestling to please write to this address below.

Tommy Gleason,
1615 Willmore Street
Greensboro, N. C.

Many fans are already exchanging clippings from various parts of the country. Keep it up, it's a good idea. See Donald Skelly's letter.

Would you please tell me how long Lou Thesz has held the championship and how old he is?

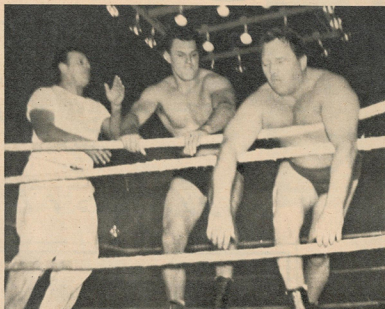
Sally Belanger
120 Mohawk Street
Cohoes, N. Y.

Lou Thesz has been heavyweight champion of the world three years. He is 34 years old.

Dear Editor:

I would like some information and believe you can help me. How many Zaharias Brothers are there? Are they all wrestlers? Which wrestler is married to Babe Didrikson? I would appreciate this information.

Mrs. M. C. Jennings
Howe School
Baker Ave.,
Schenectady, N. Y.



Wladek Kowalski, center, belabors Chest Bernard as Referee Jerry Meeker rushes to break it up in a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, match

There are three Zaharias Brothers. All are wrestlers. George Zaharias is married to Babe Didrikson.

Being an ardent fan of Gene Stanlee, I would recognize any picture of Gene. In the March issue of your magazine (page 32) is a picture of Gene and Jarque which you have captioned Don Jonathan butting Kola Kwariani. I wonder how many more fans noticed this error?

Mrs. Evelyn C. Lawrence
3 Second Avenue
Glen Burnie, Md.

You are right. Our error! Thanks.

Dear Sirs:

Will greatly appreciate it if you will publish some stories and pictures of John Barend and Steve Stanlee.

Lillian Dohmen
810 Bayridge Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Watch for June issue.

Gentlemen:

I have been in many heated arguments as to whom the wrestling championship belongs. Many claim that each section of the country has its own champion. I say Lou Thesz is rated as the champ.

C. A. Howe
54 Mott Street
Arlington, Mass.

Lou Thesz is the officially recognized world heavyweight wrestling champion now.

Another Boost for Griff

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading your magazine. Keep up the good work. The best part in your magazine is "From the Fox Hole". I think Wayne Griffin does a fine job.

Frank Hyer
1531 No. Rocheblanc
New Orleans, La.

Editor:

I would like to know if Leo and Gino Caribaldi, the wonderful father and son wrestling team, are related to Ralph and Chick?

Marion Greenley
247 Bright Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Ralph—Chick and Gino are brothers.

I am interested in forming a wrestling club and would like to hear from fellows in the New York area between the ages of 15 and 19 who would be interested in forming such an organization.

Dave Dorf
2285 Davidson Avenue
Bronx, N. Y.



DIZZY DAVIS

TEXAS GIFT TO WRESTLING

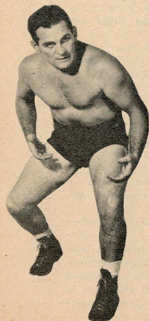
DISPROVING the general belief that wrestlers cannot possibly have any artistic ability is the case of Sterling "Dizzy" Davis, The Pride of Texas. Diz has not only designed ladies' clothing, but has entered his brain child in fashion show competition against the leading full-time designers, sometimes defeating them for top honors.

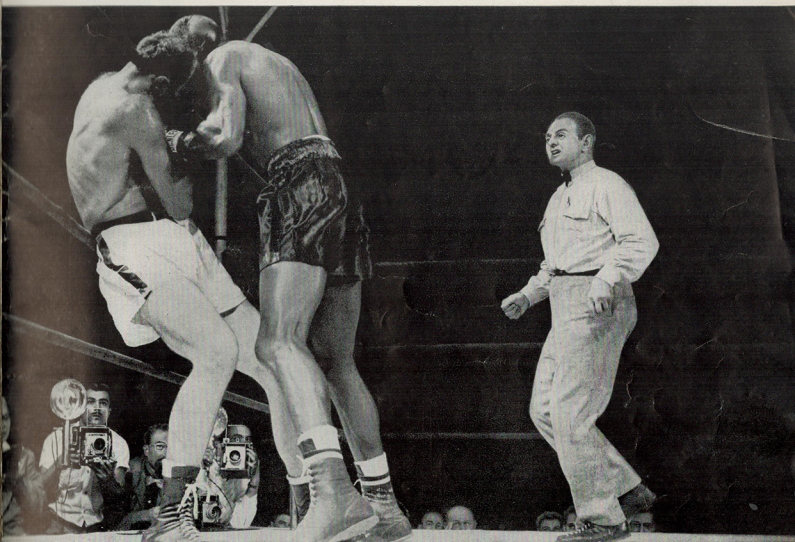
Dizzy differs from run-of-the-mine matmen in one other respect, too. He is a student of Dianetic and Psychosomatic medicine and has recently opened a clinic specializing in that form of therapy in his home town of Houston.

In other respects, Davis is all wrestler. One of the finest crowd pleasers in the business, he has broken box office records wherever he has appeared, especially in Texas and other Southwestern states where he is now campaigning. Although a remarkably skilled wrestler, Davis is reputed to have the hardest right hand punch in the business today.

Dizzy was raised in Houston. He attended military school at the Allen Academy in Bryan, Texas, then went to Texas A. & M. College, majoring in electrical engineering and minoring in psychology and philosophy.

His many and diversified interests have earned him profiles in several national magazines not devoted to sports in general or wrestling in particular.





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